

£1.75 (\$3.95 in the USA)
Not for sale to children

scan by faceless

VIZ

Issue 98

SATISCRAPTION GUARANTEED WITH YOUR

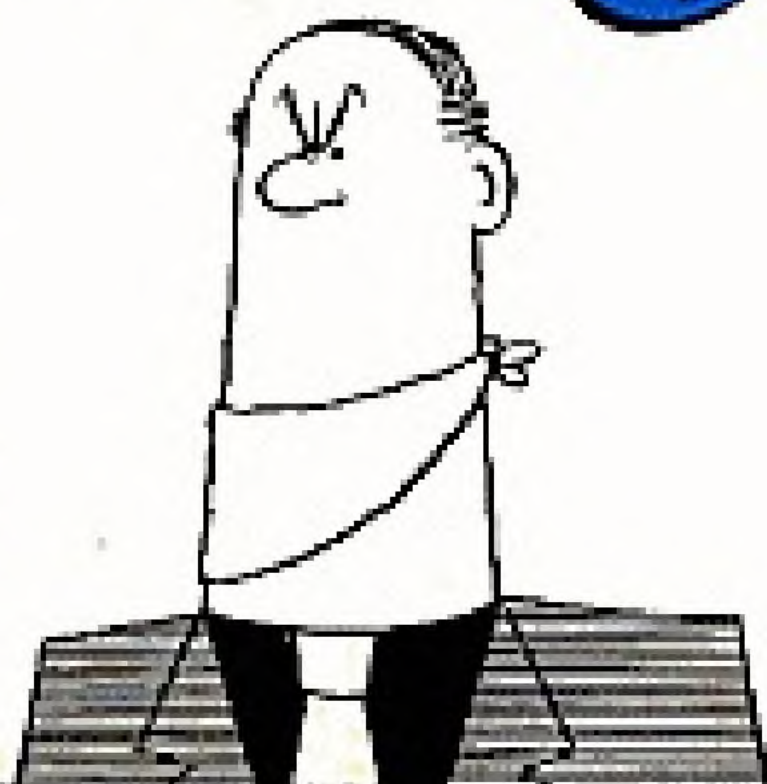
ALL NEW SWEARING DICTIONARY FREE!

VIZ

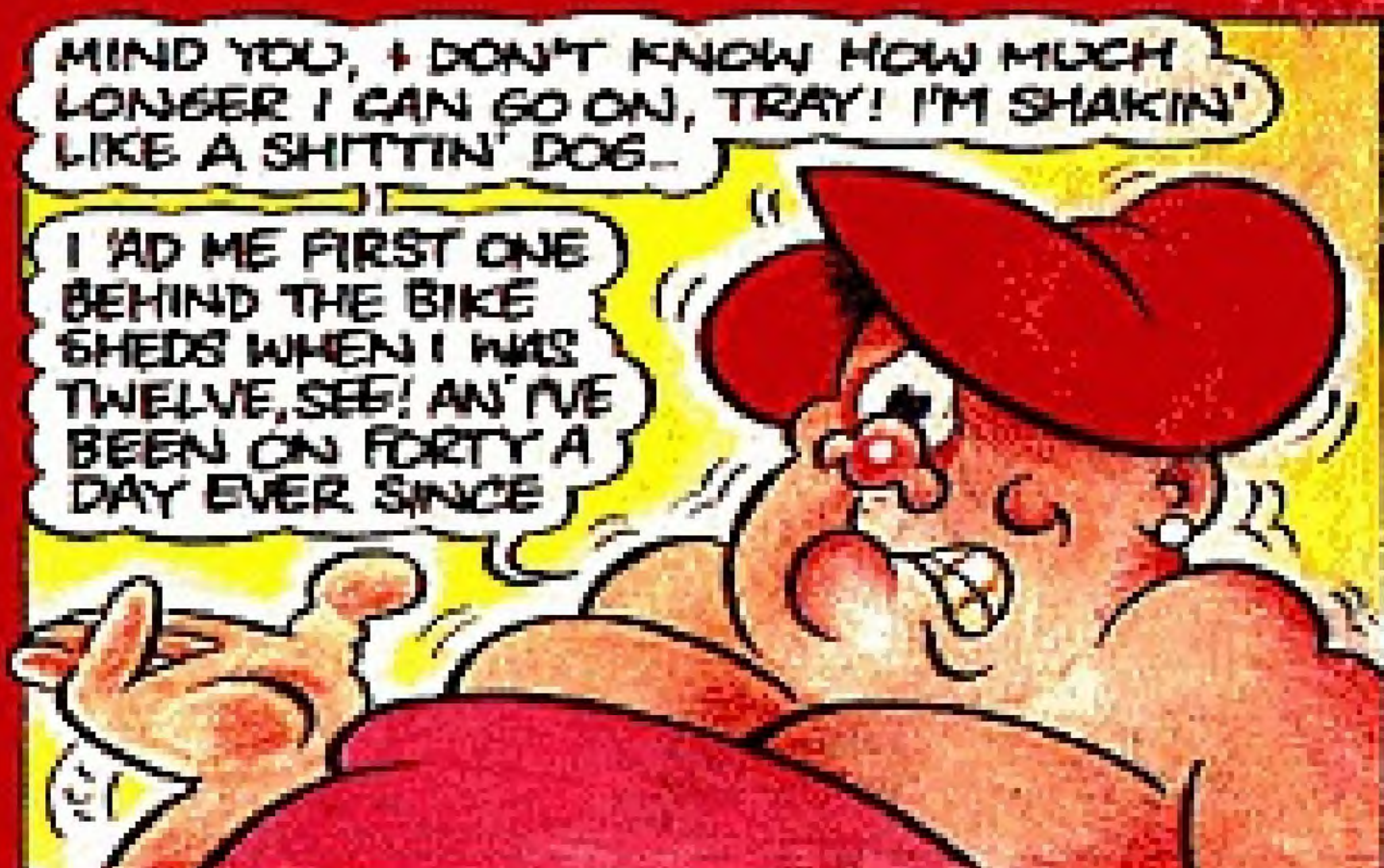
Hundreds more rude
words and phrases

Roger's PROFANISAURUS 3

An all new
collection of
expletives,
obscenities &
ephemisms



If your FREE GIFT is missing - put this magazine to
the back of the pile and get another one.



Continued INSIDE...

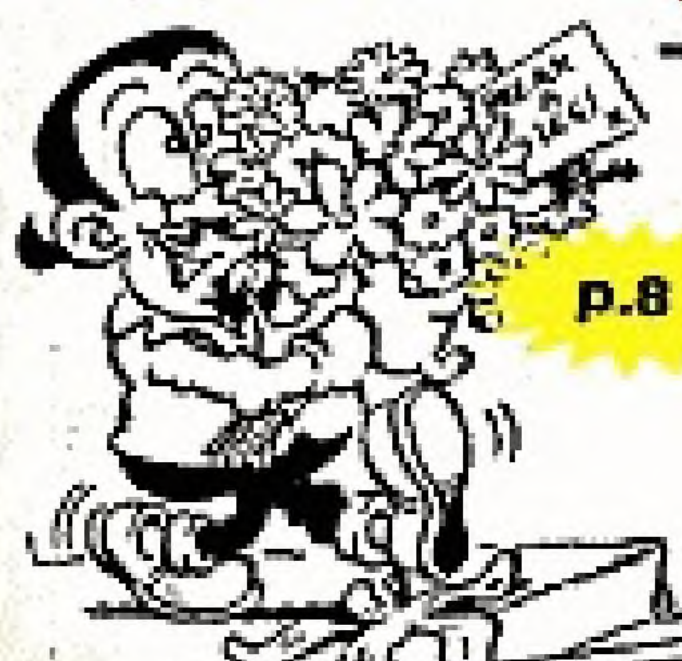


VIZ

Issue 98

Contents

All this plus loads more.



p.8



p.15



p.28



p.17



p.4

p.29



p.44



p.46



p.30

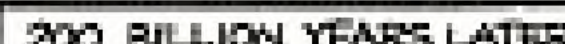
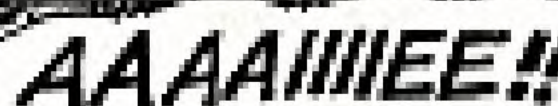
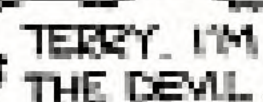
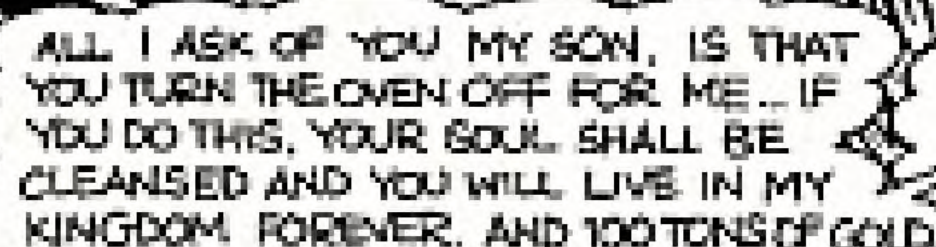
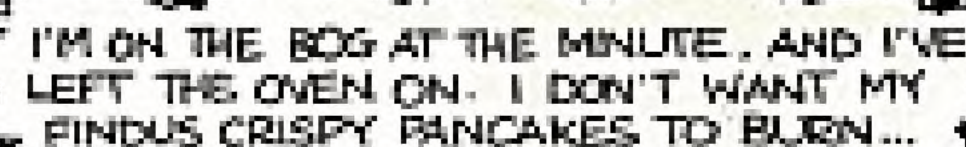
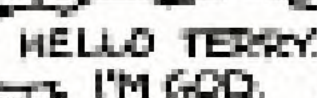
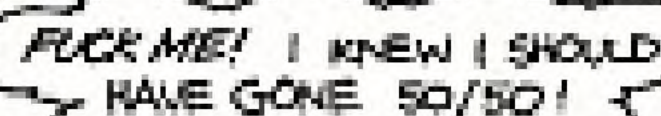
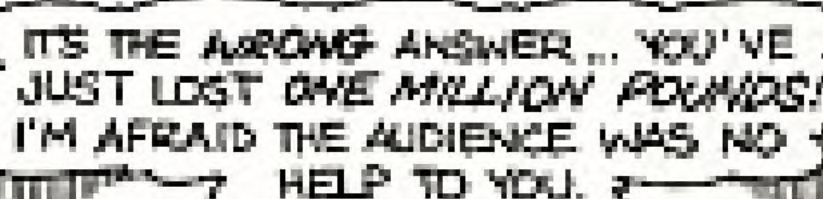
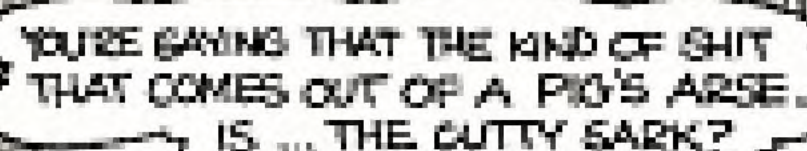
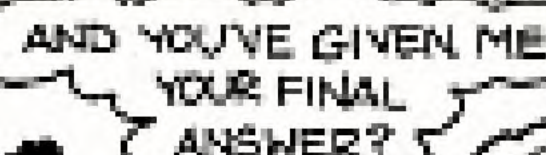
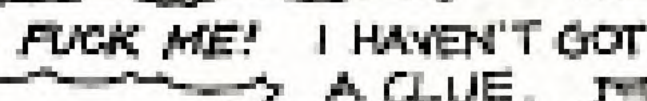


p.21



p.20

THE UNINTELLIGENT CARTOON CHARACTER



I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I SHOULD
HAVE TURNED THE OVEN OFF.

Letterbox

Star Letter

Via Letterbox
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax: 0191 241 4244
email via.comic@virgin.net

□ On our wedding anniversary this year, my husband promised to treat me like a Princess. And he was as good as his word. He took me for a meal, got completely pissed and on the way home crashed the car into a concrete pillar at 120 mph, killing me instantly.

Mrs. B
Essex

□ Something ought to be done about Britain's so-called Fat Cats. My husband works a seventy hour week as a security guard and comes home with less than £150. Meanwhile, the woman next door has got a cat that weighs three stone and never does anything, just eats butter out the fridge and shits in our flower bed. Where's the fairness in that?

Mrs. B Kramer
Hull

Top of the pop-shots



□ I was interested to find out that the seventies pop group 10cc derived their name from the average quantity of semen produced in a male ejaculation. I feel this is appropriate, as I've always thought they were a pile of wank.

C. Spencer
Battersey

□ You think you're worried about the millennium bug bugging your washing machine or video on New Years Eve. What about Stephen Hawking? I bet he'll be shitting fucking bricks.

D. Hypergrade
Cambridge

False romance

□ So this film 'Romance' claims to be the first in Britain to contain scenes of actual, rather than simulated sex. What rubbish.



I saw 'Confessions from a Holiday Camp' in 1978, which contained a scene where scouse actor Tony Booth shagged a woman in a toolshed so much that the shed actually fell to pieces. If that's not real sex, I don't know what is.

P. Mackay
Fife

Rip-off Van Rental

□ I needed to move a wardrobe last week, and telephoned a van hire company to ask the cost. I was staggered when I was told it would be £8000. How I laughed when I realised I had misdialled, and by complete coincidence had rung Van Morrison's agent. Do I win £10?

S. Hayes
Wigan

□ I've got 58 pence in the world and I live in a box behind a bus shelter in Peterborough. With her huge overdraft, the Queen Mum is £4 million worse off than me, yet lives in 5 castles. I'm not a communist or anything, but I wonder if someone could offer me an explanation.

Charlie
Peterborough



□ So Michael Portillo has come out of his filthy closet and now intends to stand for the seat left vacant by the sad death of Alan Clark M.P. I'm a life-long Tory, but I will not be voting for this bouffanted nancy boy. I don't want to see the Mother of Parliaments defiled by the sight of a man wearing false breasts and a dress mincing up to the dispatch box dragging a chair and limply examining surfaces for dust.

T. Kavanagh
Wapping

□ I thought your article 'Who Killed Dan-do' in the last issue was very unkind. But I see Jill has had the last laugh, now she's back on TV in 'The Antique Inspectors.' I am delighted to see that she's recovered from her recent death and if anything, the rest has done her a lot of good! Perhaps now, Princess Di and some of these other so-called 'dead' celebrities will take a leaf out of our Jill's book and go back to work.

Peter Laws
Lincoln

No.use@all

This internet thing will never catch on. Only the other day I needed a haircut. After several wasted hours searching I gave up and had to walk down the road to the barbers. Home shopping my arse.

Donny Gail
Donegal

Once you plop...

□ I wonder if the Pringles' slogan "Once you pop, you just can't stop" refers to the fat-free Pringles I bought whilst on holiday in America. One of their principle ingredients is Olestra, the consumption of which can lead to stomach cramping and loose stools. Once I'd popped, I couldn't stop... pissing rusty oil out my arse for three days.

T. Short
Pontefract

□ If the waitress in the Bardon Mill Little Chef is reading this - please will you clear away our empty plates and take our pudding order?

S. L. Marston
Table 6



□ No wonder Patrick Moore is so good with a telescope, what with that fucking great wonky eye of his.

M. Partridge
e-mail

Grumble grumble

□ Why do pornographers insist on using the term 'amateur' when what they really mean is 'ugly'?

J. Deegan
Australia

□ Now that the war in Kosovo is over, we can thank the Red Arrows for their contribution. If at any stage in the conflict the alliance had needed planes to fly very close together, perhaps in a 'V' formation with coloured smoke coming out of the back, they would have been right there. But they didn't, so they weren't.

L.T.
Leeds.

□ Why is it that people never seem to fight on top of trains these days?

Justin D.
Cobram, Australia

Desert Island dish

□ It seems you cannot open a newspaper these days without seeing the results of a survey that names Carol Vorderman as the woman most men would want to be stranded on a desert island with. A more sensible choice of




'Girl Friday' would be Sharron Davies, as she could suck you off and then swim for help.

Spud
Luton

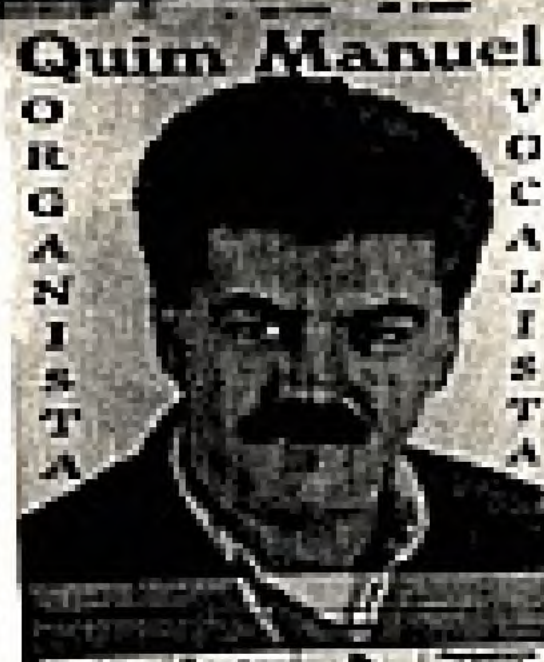
* Who would be your Girl Friday, and why? Perhaps it would be Della Smith who could do something tasty with a couple of coconuts. Or maybe Jo Brand, who could knock up a rudimentary shelter out of her trousers. Write in and tell us, so long as it isn't Carol Vorderman.

ANOTHER BRONX AGENT JOKE





A very light post-bag this quadfortnight, but my sincerest thanks go to Mr. Ben Hodgkiss of Powick, who snapped this photograph of a poster for a musical entertainer in Portugal. Mr. Hodgkiss hopes that you will agree when he says the gentleman in question sounds, and indeed looks, like a right cunt. Incidentally, confusion has arisen since my last appearance, as to my state of existence. I am all at sea as to whether I am alive or deceased, and so I have decided to ask you, the Viz reader to enlighten me. If you have any evidence as to whether I am alive or dead please write and let me know, as I am dying to find out. That's assuming I'm still alive, of course.




Quim Manuel
O R G A N I S T A V O C A L I S T A

shag me, she'll shag anyone, even an old bloke like him.

Andrew Ward
e-mail

Denise trembler



When I was nine, my best mate Jon and I threw a Calor gas container into a bonfire for a bit of a laugh. My next door neighbour phoned the Fire Brigade who arrived just in time to pull the canister out before it exploded. She's always been a interfering old bitch, but as for the Fire Brigade - haven't they got anything better to do?

L. Andrews
Surrey

wonderful young people who stand on motorway slip-roads (in any weather, mind you) holding up boards telling us motorists where they lead to.

B. Bollockbrain
Braintree

Billy No-mates

I don't have any friends. If any reader has one they don't want or don't particularly like, could they please pass him/her onto me?

C. Mapperly
Surrey

I was watching golf on telly the other day and I realised that even the top players take two or three swipes at the ball before being able to hit it. I'm not one to complain, but I'm not sure they are completely worth the millions they receive.

Dave
e-mail

Currying favour



Please accept my hardest thanks for your write up from time to time in your magazine. I do not consider it as publicity for myself, but as a great honour for me and the Rupali Restaurant. I have just recently introduced the new unique party menu and party package, the first of this kind in the restaurant business, which I hope you like.

Lord Harpole
Rupali Restaurant,
Bigg Market, Newcastle

Monkey business

I recently paid £10 to drive around The Marquis of Bath's Safari Park at Longleat. What a farce. If any of your readers see the marquis, perhaps

they might like to clamber all over his car waving their arses in his face, pull the rubber trim off his windscreen and shit on his back window, see how he likes it.

J. Kidd
Prampton on Severn

My daughter got married last year, and I called a company to enquire about the cost of hiring a marquee for the day. I was staggered to be quoted a price of £8000. How I laughed when I realised I had dialled the wrong number and was actually talking to the agent of 'Mark. E.' Smith, out of 'The Fall'. I'm sorry to go on, but I really do need £10, honest.

S. Hayes
Wigan



Do any of your readers think that Kevin Webster's girlfriend out of Coronation Street looks like a Klingon? Mind you, Kevin looks a complete arse-hole with that beard, so they go well together.

J. Kirk
Earth

Regarding your 'Shagwatch' appeal. I never shagged anyone famous, but a mate of mine used to shag Zoe Ball. I don't think that's particularly unusual, however. I did once shag a girl that knows Eric Clapton. I don't know if she shagged him, but if she'll

I copped on to Denise Van Outen on holiday in Ibiza a few years ago. It was a real top shag, like a kangaroo banging a space hopper on a trampoline.

Jeffrey Marsh
Glamorgan

Me and my Val

I never shagged anyone famous, but while working in Greece in 1985, I had a dance with former Blue Peter presenter Valerie Singleton. I managed to get my arms round her back and give her arse a right good squeezing.

Alex
Plymouth

I'm a bunch of squaddies stationed in Bratislava and I... erm, we are dying to see a picture of the lovely Anita Harris with her kit off. Failing this, is there any chance you could cleverly graft her head onto any naked bint using that computer stuff. I... we have searched the internet for the above, but to no avail. Can you help?



Tom Spaghetti
18/30 Lancers
* here you go, Tom

Gas bag

When I was nine, my best mate Jon and I threw a Calor gas container into a bonfire for a bit of a laugh. My next door neighbour phoned the Fire Brigade who arrived just in time to pull the canister out before it exploded. She's always been a interfering old bitch, but as for the Fire Brigade - haven't they got anything better to do?

L. Andrews
Surrey

I would just like to say a big thank-you to all those

Baker's half-dozen

LAST ISSUE, Robert Hall asked if any readers knew of the 'more satisfying' roles Tom 'Dr. Who' Baker had played in his acting career than the Jelly Baby-chomping Time Lord. Judging by your response, Tom is a seasoned treader of the boards.



ONE...I saw him in 'The Golden Voyage of Sinbad.' Mind you, the stop-motion puppets were more convincing actors than Mr. Baker.

Bruce Goodman
Essex

TWO...he appeared in Pier Paolo Pasolini's 'The Canterbury Tales', where he is seen performing his great art by washing his bell-end in a tin bath and having some tug boat give him a five knuckle shuffle through a hedge.

Andy Parkes
e mail

THREE...Tom plays the role of a priest in 'The Life and Loves of a She-Devil'. He was involved in two of the most hilarious love scenes I have ever witnessed, making moaning noises like whale clearing its throat.

P.G.M. Designs, Architects
Swansea

FOUR...I saw him in 'Vaults of Horror', one of those 3-in-1 horror movies churned out in the seventies. He played a voodoo-crazed painter on a revenge-seeking art critic murder spree.

Martin
Nottingham

FIVE...he seemed quite satisfied with the role of the inspector in the stage version of 'An Inspector Calls' in 1986. However, he seemed more satisfied with the Embassy No.1 he was puffing away on as he left the theatre.

Clare Impaler
Herts

SIX...Tom Baker appeared in a poster campaign in 1979 for bread and cakes, along with his namesake, the newsreader Richard Baker. It was probably Robert Hall overlooking this fact that caused such offence to the time travelling twat.

Stevie the Berwick fan
Newcastle

AND ONE FOR LUCK...In reply to Robert Hall's letter about Tom Baker (issue 97) - I say fuck you. I've met Tom Baker a few times and always found him pleasant and friendly. I think the fact that Mr. Hall wrote in by e-mail and is a ticket inspector on the trains speaks volumes.

Andy Wix
Chichester

TOP TIPS

AVOID being spotted by the police when drinking and driving by fitting net curtains to your car windows.

A. Jones
Telford

KIDS. This Halloween, make big hairy spiders out of two kittens sellotaped together.

S. Partridge
email

MAKE your own smokey bacon flavoured crisps by slicing the soles from an old pair of slippers and frying them with the contents of an ashtray.

Mrs. M.
Norfolk

CREATE a 'fly's eye' view of the telly by watching your favourite programmes through a dimpled beer mug.

K. Monkeys
South Shields.

OLD candle holders off Birthday cakes might work as golf tees for golfers who've fallen on hard times.

O. McCarthy
Caerphilly

PUBLIC toilet operators. Wind your customers up by installing wash basin taps which have to be held down at the same as you are trying to wash your hands.

Remember not to put plugs in the sink as well.

Ollie McCarthy
Caerphilly

HAVING a pool party? Feed your guests beet-root. Anyone pissing in the pool will then be identified by a large crimson cloud hanging around them.

Sam Alcock
Brisbane

BALDIES. Regain your social credibility by lightly sketching a complete circle around your head with a pen and claiming that your baldness is a joke costume.

Eddie O'Hanlon
Somewhere

CULTIVATE a reputation as a cannibal by grilling streaky bacon on foil under the grill, laid out in a hand shape, and then leaving the stained foil out where visitors will see it.

D. Nelson
Broadway

RUNNING out of paper in the office? Simply take your last clean sheet, place it on the photocopier and, hey presto! As many blank sheets as you need.

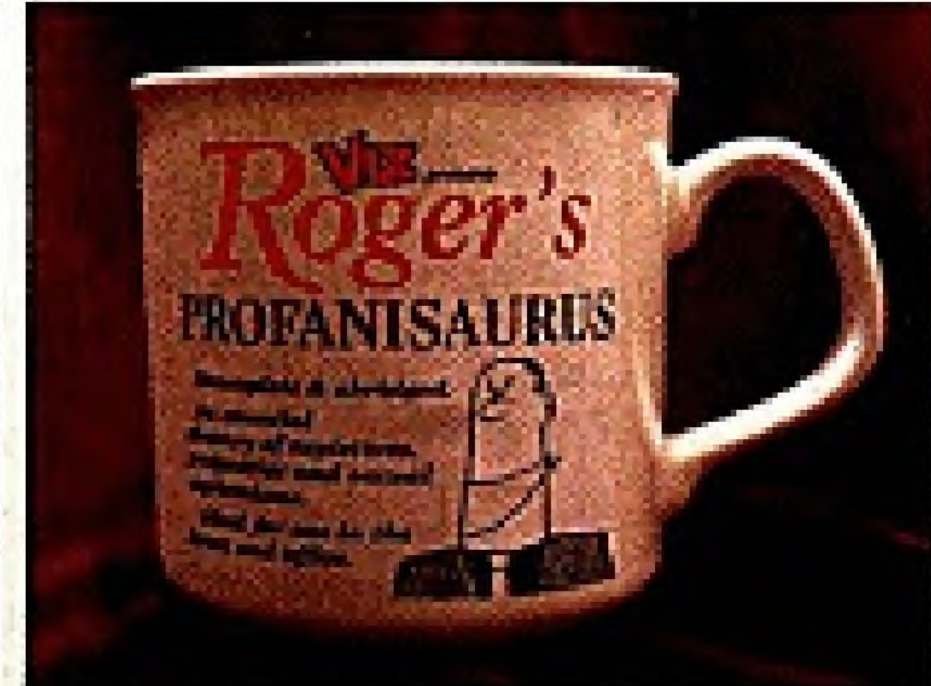
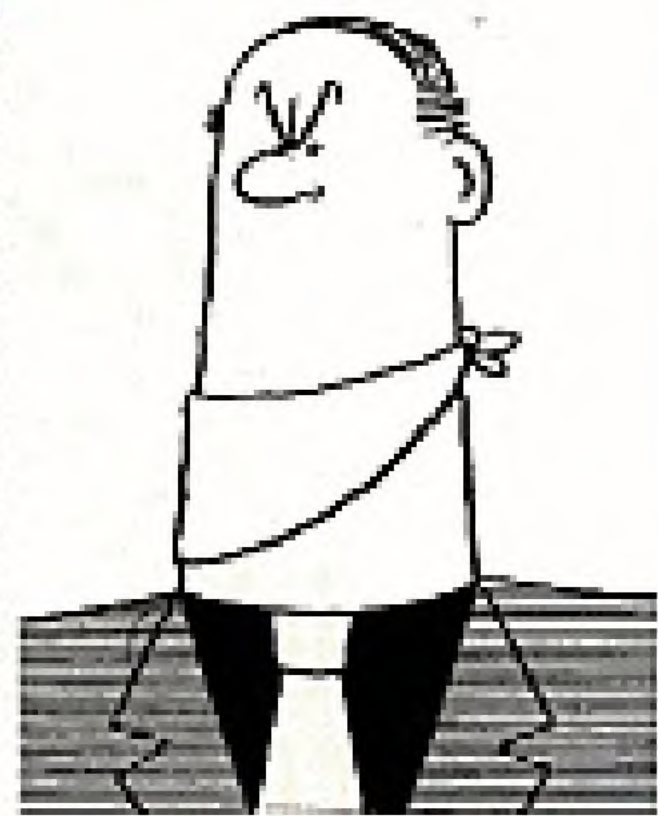
P. & T. F.
Leek

DON'T throw away old leather jackets. Sewn together they make ideal 'skin suits' for psychopathic cows.

I. Ball
Low Coken

41 Glorious Expletives

To mark the publication of Roger's Profanisaurus 3, we've commissioned the firing of a celebratory Profanisaurus Mug. No economy was spared in the creation of this beautiful hair loom. Cast in the finest pot, and lavished with 24 carat swearing, it is difficult to put a price on this fucker. It represents the sort of quality that money simply cannot buy...but eight first class stamps can. As with all collectibles, Roger's Profanisaurus Mug is issued in a strictly limited edition, and will come with an extremely foul-mouthed and offensive hand numbered certificate of authenticity, signed by Roger Mellie himself. Orders will be dealt with on a first come, first served basis, so send your eight first-class stamps right away to avoid disappointment. (p.s. We've still got 2 boxes of the Edward and Sophie mugs from issue 96 if anybody fancies one).



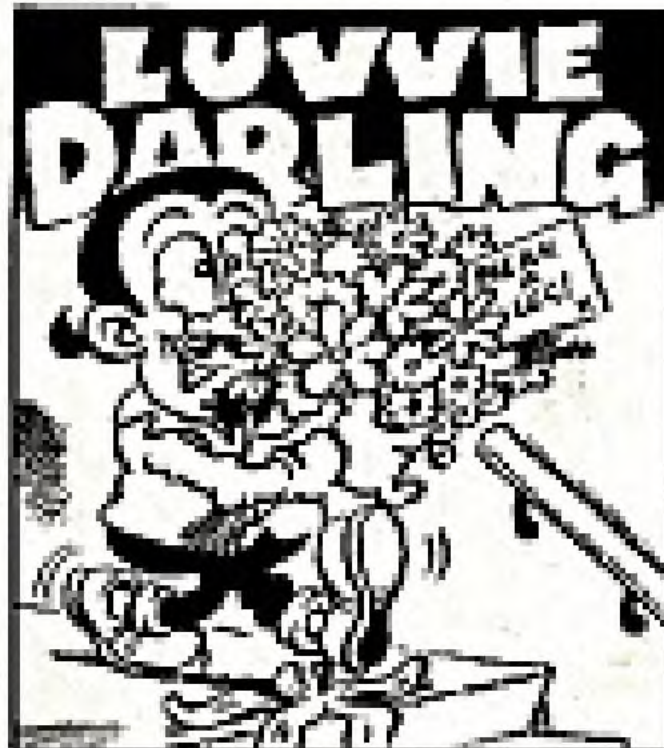
Yes, I want a Roger's Profanisaurus Mug, me. Here's eight first class stamps. I will allow you 28 days to deliver the cunt before I tek a rudge.

Name _____

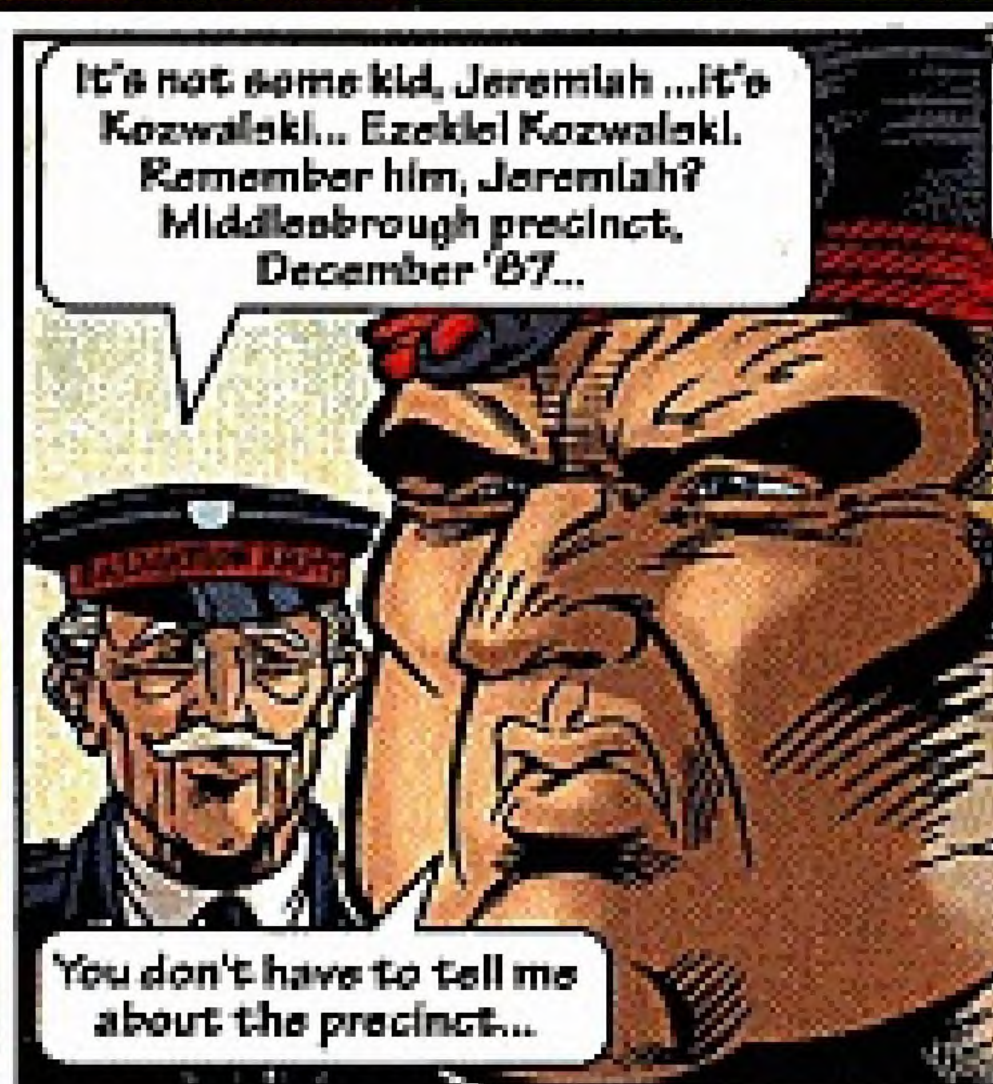
Address _____

post code _____

Send your completed form, along with your stamps to:
Roger's Sweary Mug Offer, Viz Comic, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT



RENEGADE OF SALVATION



That night, the unsuspecting faithful continued to keep Kozwalski imprisoned in the snug of the Dog and Duck.

Sally Army, eh. Well it keeps you off the streets, eh? Hal I say it keeps you off the streets, eh? Do you goddit?

Erm...hal Yee. Erm... I'd better get going...

No, stop a while. Look, why don't you have a drink?

PRAISE THE LORD, UNREDEEMED MOTHERFUCKERS!

AIEEE!

AAAARGHI

CHINKA!

OOM PAH PARP!
OOM PAH PARP!

SCREAM!

CRASH!

Go on, just have a half of...

What the...?

Instinctively, Jeremiah reached for his last weapon. It was now or never...

TAKE THIS
YOU
HEATHEN
S.O.B.'S

War Cry

AIEEE!

SLAP!

CRASH!

Jesus H. Christ, Jeremiah. That was the most stupid goddamn thing I ever saw. It was also the bravest. The Salvation Army needs men like you, Jeremiah. Whaddaya say?

No thanks, Colonel. He gave me his mouthpiece when mine fell in a turd. Now I reckon we're just about quits. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got some logs to chop.

The number of Salvation Army Soldiers lost or missing, presumed trapped in pubs is unknown. But thanks to Jeremiah Bloodfire, it's one less now.

THE END.

YOU FUCKING SHIT!

Cad Santa sells Diana letters for £500,000



By auctioning off these letters to the highest bidder he has cynically betrayed the People's Princess, and callously shown two fingers to every decent caring person in this country.

garden

The secret letters contain intimate requests from the young Lady Diana Spencer to the mythical white-bearded Christmas father figure. In her naive spiderish writing, Diana confesses her innocent love of children's toys and chronicles her deeply personal Christmas stocking aspirations.

hill

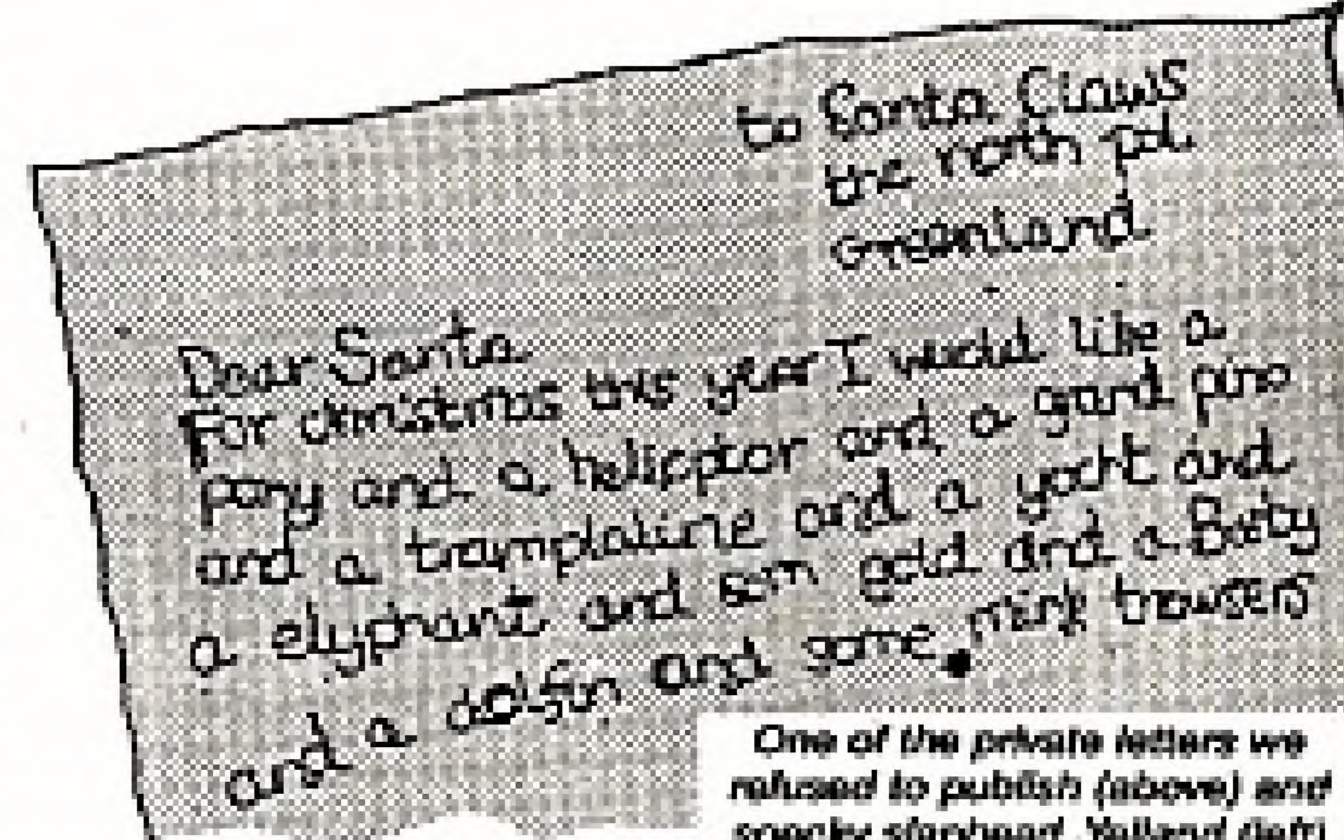
And not only did she request toys for herself, she also begged Santa to bring presents for her brothers and sisters. For even at the tender age of six, she was already a Princess of Hearts.

greene

Now Diana has been betrayed by the man with whom so many of her childhood hopes were entrusted. And the heartless cad is believed to have been paid £500,000 by the Daily Mail who plan to publish the letters exclusively.

gooch

This private correspondence between a dreamy-



One of the private letters we refused to publish (above) and spooky slaphuad, Yelland (left)



eyed child and her jovial Christmas night confident have no place in the public domain. They were intended for Santa's eyes only and their publication would be a vile insult to Diana's memory. Under no circumstances would we have considered publishing them.

le saux

Sun editor David Yelland joined us in condemning the Mail. "This sordid episode tarnishes the treasured

memory of Diana, Princess of Wales. Having dropped out of the bidding at £350,000, the Sun newspaper refuse to have anything to do with these letters", he said.

le knit

"I would have gone higher, but I spent my entire budget for the year on Sophie Rhys-Jones' tit", the geeky, begoggled Uncle Fester lookalike added.

le crochet

Meanwhile, Santa was keeping a low profile at his Greenland home yesterday. Curtains were closed and his £150,000 sledge remained on the driveway all day. Elf workers at the toy factory which he owns said he had not been seen there for several days.

TRUSTEES for the estate of the late Diana Princess of Wales are considering an application to the High Court to prevent a newspaper from publishing private letters sent by the late Princess to Santa Claus.

The controversial letters, five in all were hand-written by Diana during her early childhood at the Spencer family home, Althorp House.

The letters are believed to have been left by Diana on a mantelpiece on successive Christmas eves and collected by Santa Claus when he came down the chimney during the night. For like children the world over, Diana hoped that Santa would grant her wishes and bring her the toys she dreamed of.

How could she have known that the jolly,



Claus - sneaks past reporters into his North Pole house.

laughing father figure she loved would cruelly betray her in death?

laughing

For behind Santa's laughing, red-faced facade lies a twinkly eyed cad motivated by greed alone. A giant stinking shit who has besmirched the memory of someone so dear to us all.



Oh Lordy! It's...

VIZ
THE

OLD GOLD ROPE

THE VERY BEST OF

FAT SLAGS

£1.75

Not for sale
to children

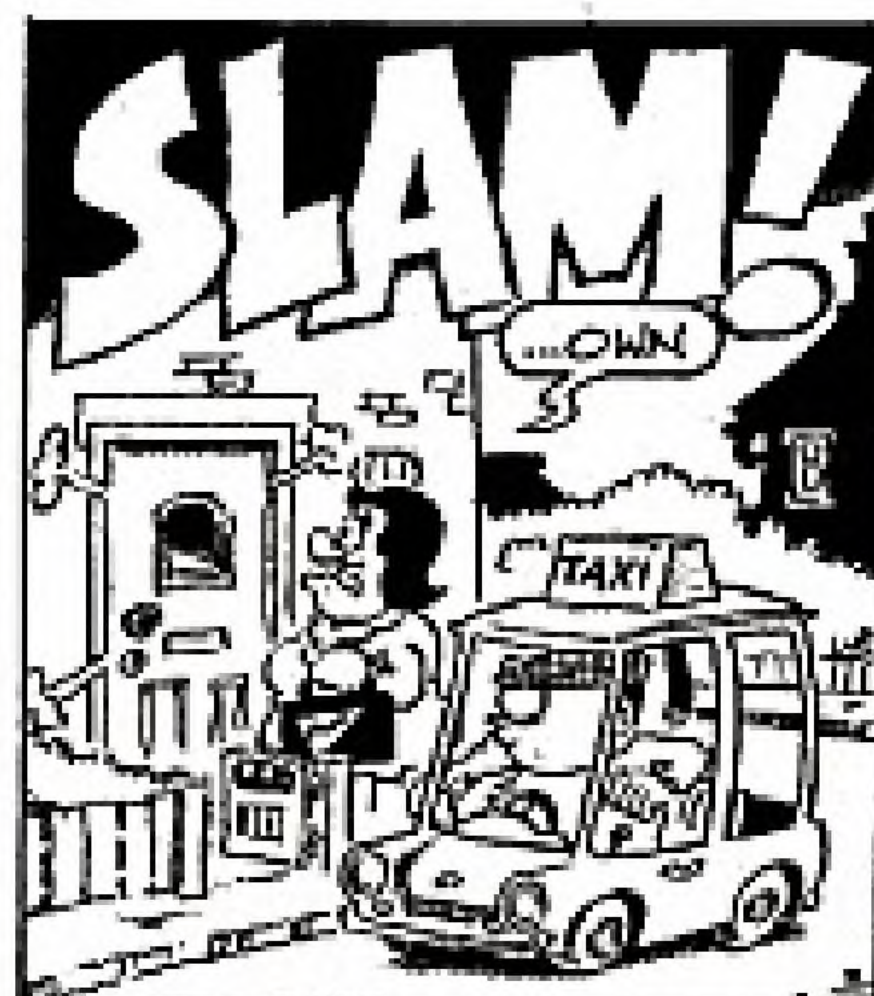
**The
choicest
slices from
Viz's fruitiest
tarts**



Strips from the past ten years plus a handbag full of new stuff

in the shops end of October.

(FRU T. BUNN THE MASTER BAKER & HIS GINGERBREAD SEX DOLLS)



MORE CASH OR I'M A GASH!

-Lynam's 'tache lashes out!

TELLY TRAITOR Des Lynam's multi million pound moustache has refused to go on air after falling out with the sporty ITV anchorman over wage demands.

Dapper Des, the silver-haired host whose suave *Match of the Day* performances send football widows' fannies into flood, deserted the BBC earlier this year and signed for rivals ITV in a so-called 'Golden Showers' deal worth a reported £10 million over 5 years.

But only weeks into their £5 million a year contract to present two shows a month, Des and his distinctive moustache have fallen out in an amazing bust up over cash.

whiskers

Lynam's want-away whiskers have demanded a fifty percent cut of Des's dosh - equivalent to £4 million a year, and by far and away the largest TV pay packet ever awarded to facial hair in Britain. It is also holding out for its own



Liddiment - yesterday

series. 'Des Lynam's Facial Hair's Big Night

EXCLUSIVE!

Out', as it wants to develop its reputation as a song and dance 'tache. ITV bosses - who fear viewing figures will plunge if Lynam's lip hair disappears from screens - are currently reviewing Des's £40 million contract which is thought to include a key facial hair retention clause. As long-time entertainer Max Bygraves put it,

choosy

"if they give in to one moustache, soon David Liddiment will have a queue of facial hair banging at his door asking for more cash. Where would it end?"

felix

If his tache quits, Lynam will be left out on a limb. Whilst his moustache

may be hot property, for a clean shaven Des work may be hard to come by. Indeed lucrative offers are already said to be rolling in for Lynam's whiskers.

klt-e-kat

The moustache is 'seriously considering' a starring role in 'Muff', an exciting new stage musical about Glenda Jackson's fanny. And there has even been speculation amongst showbiz insiders that Lynam's moustache could join forces with Jimmy Hill's beard to form a formidable

facial hair dream team for the Andrew Lloyd-Webber West End production.

Mars-e-bar

"Imagine those two playing Jackson's hairy pie! That would be one hell of a cunt-rug double act," theatre critic Sheridan Morley told us yesterday. Tickets for the production, which do not even go on sale until 2001, sold out in half an hour on the strength of the rumour alone.



Lynam's 'tache (above) and how dishy Des would look without it (left).



Meanwhile, desperate Des is rumoured to be in talks with the late TV's Tosh Lines's tash to try

and line up a ready-made replacement. Lines's tash has been drifting in and out of work in German porn movies since Bill actor Kevin Lloyd's tragic booze death in 1998.

Facial hair today-gone tomorrow!

Des Lynam's moustache's pay bombshell is not the first time a bristles barney has sent shockwaves through the world of TV sport.

crumbs

In the late 1980's, soccer pundit Jimmy Hill famously fell out with his beard in a private argument over biscuit crumbs. After their acrimonious split, heterosexual Hill was left to analyse football action clean-shaven and shocked *Match of the Day* viewers turned off in their droves after seeing Hill's chin for the first time.

gosh

Hill's brother, Bruce Forsythe's moustache caused a stir at the BBC when it went AWOL a few years earlier, whilst Jeremy Beadle's hit

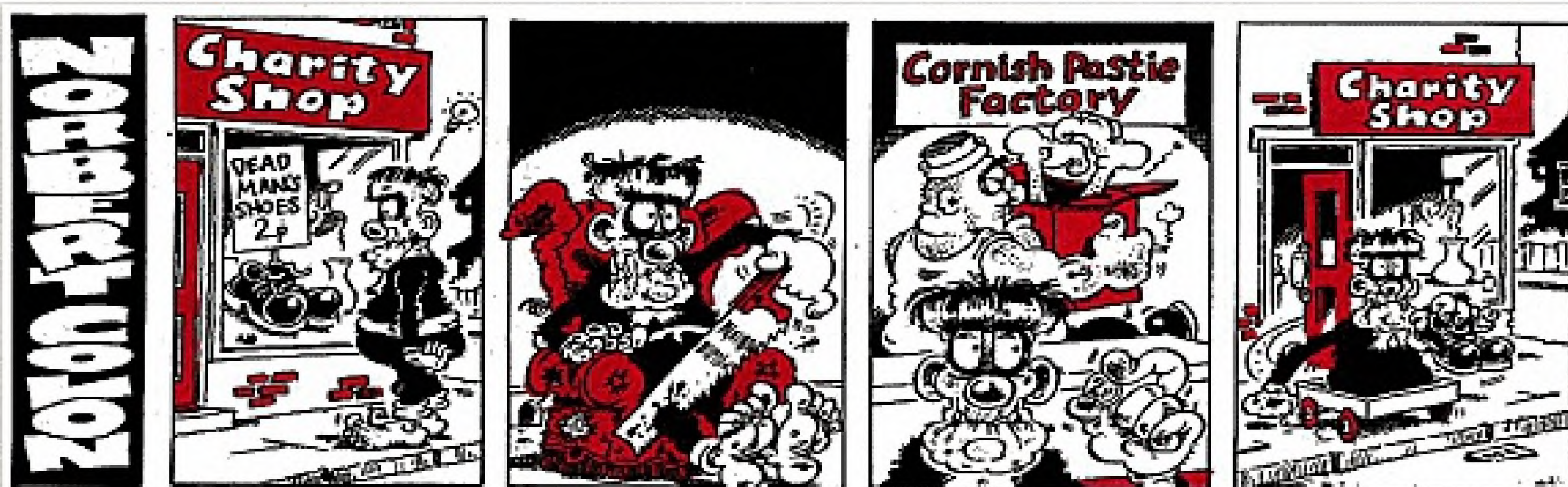
show 'You've Been Framed' was more like 'You've Been Shaved' after the freaky prankster parted company with his trademark board.



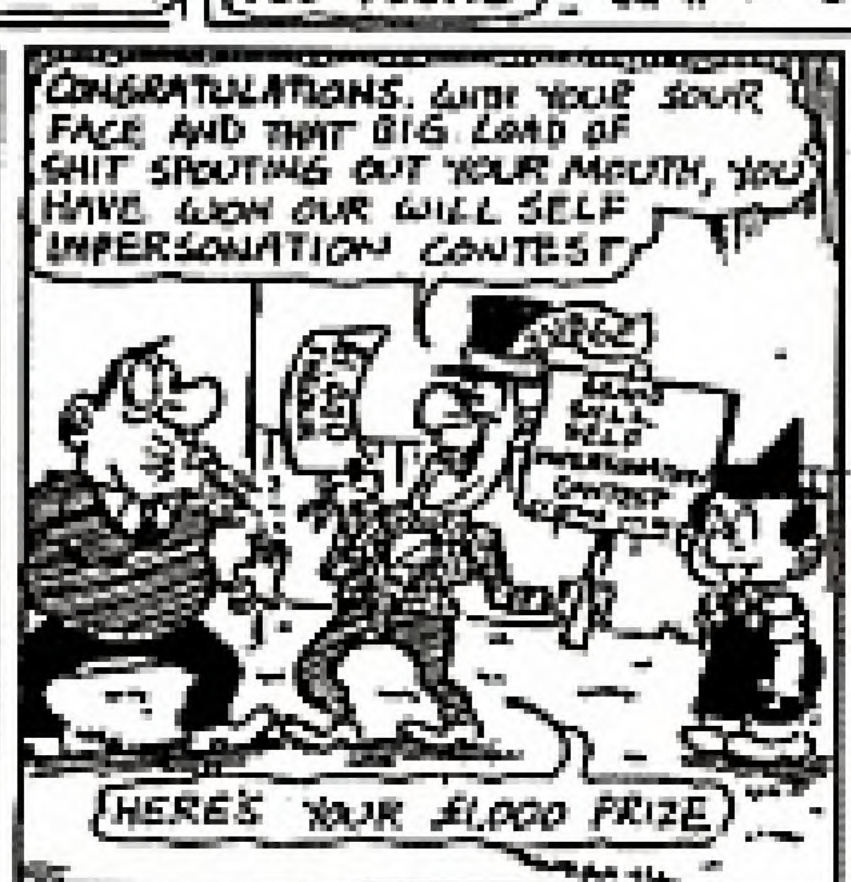
Beadle - quim-chin

Beadle's board was given its own chat show on satellite TV, but the series was cancelled after only two episodes after being panned by critics. After an unsuccessful attempt to launch a Hollywood career, the beard was currently back in Britain working as Garry Bushell's winnit infested arse cross.





GILBERT RATCHET



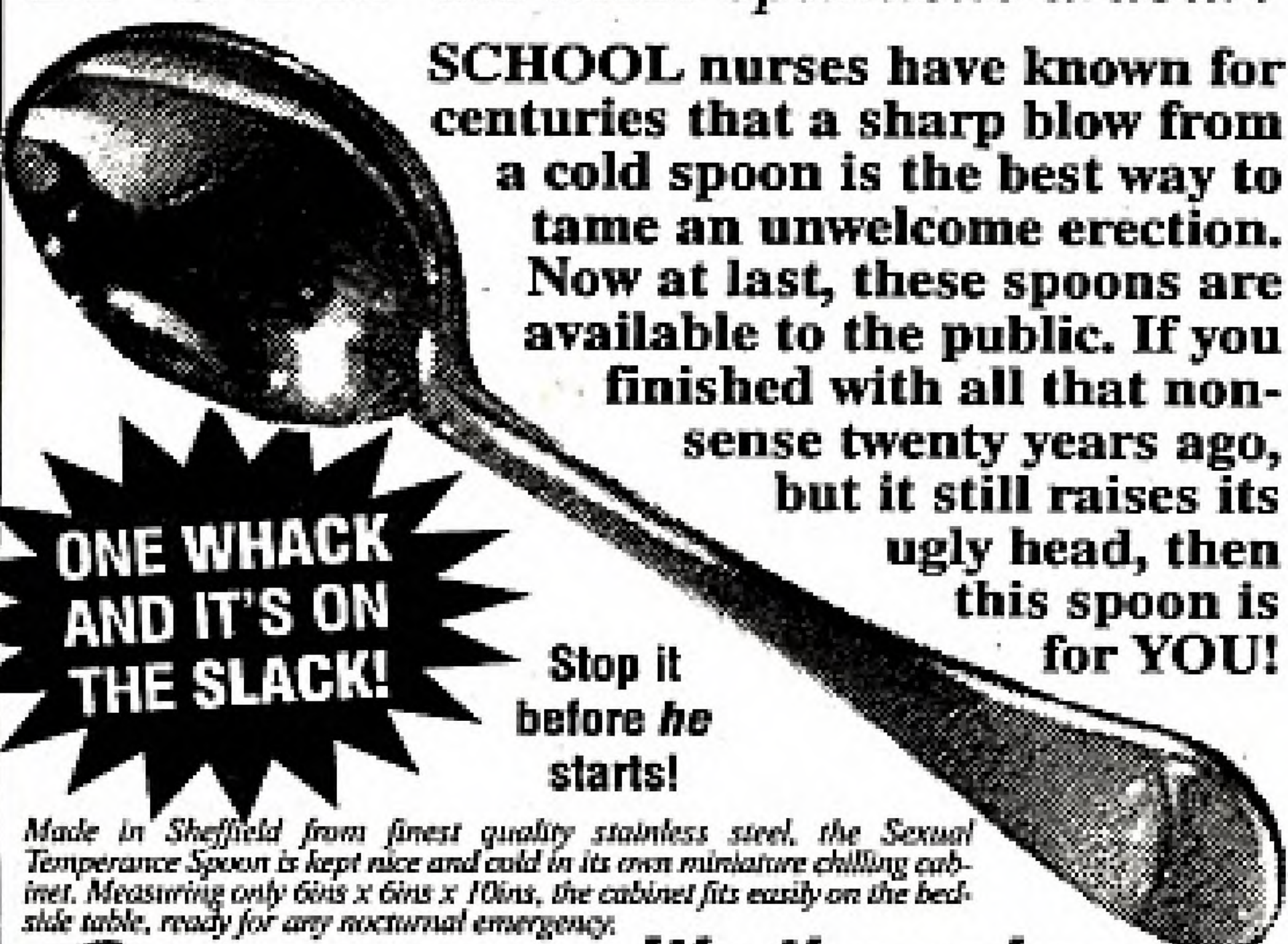
SPOILT BASTARD



Ladies! Nip Tumescence in the Bud...with the

SEXUAL TEMPERANCE SPOON

Guaranteed to soften even the most optimistic ardour!



ONE WHACK AND IT'S ON THE SLACK!

SCHOOL nurses have known for centuries that a sharp blow from a cold spoon is the best way to tame an unwelcome erection. Now at last, these spoons are available to the public. If you finished with all that non-sense twenty years ago, but it still raises its ugly head, then this spoon is for YOU!

Stop it before he starts!

Made in Sheffield from finest quality stainless steel, the Sexual Temperance Spoon is kept nice and cold in its own miniature chilling cabinet. Measuring only 6ins x 6ins x 10ins, the cabinet fits easily on the bedside table, ready for any nocturnal emergency.

"My hubby got ideas one night after watching 'Carry On Camping'. A quick flick with the Temperance Spoon sent him scampering to the spare room with his tail between his legs. Thanks!"

Mrs. R Barnsley
"It's a SPOON!"
Mrs. B Essex

It's the only spoon that STOPS stirring!

only **£24.99** from all good shops

Please note: Extremely large erections may require more than one whack on the lid.

'Down, Boy' Chastity Products. Unit 6. Fulchester Industrial Estate. Leeds

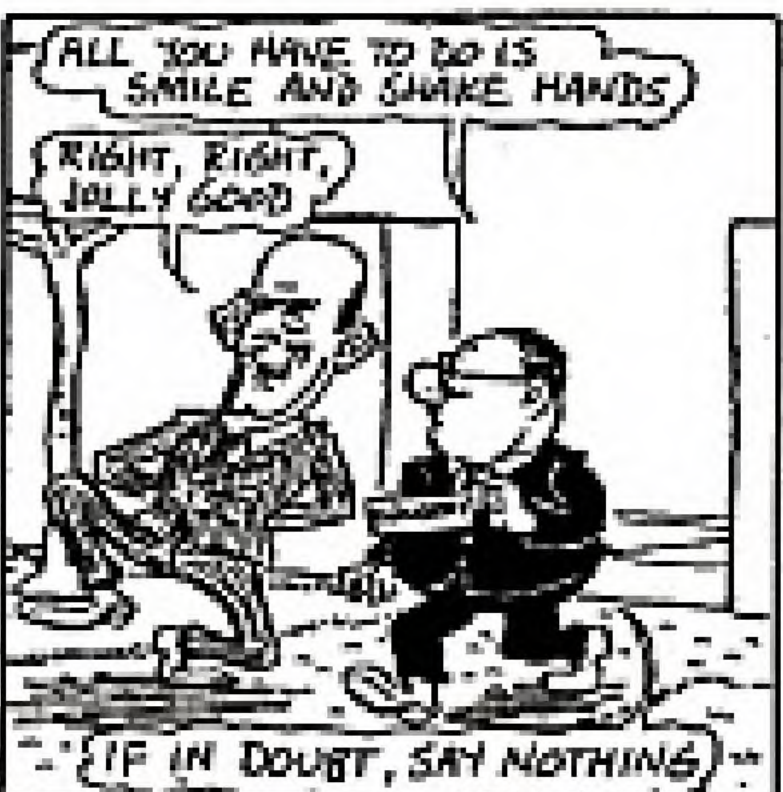
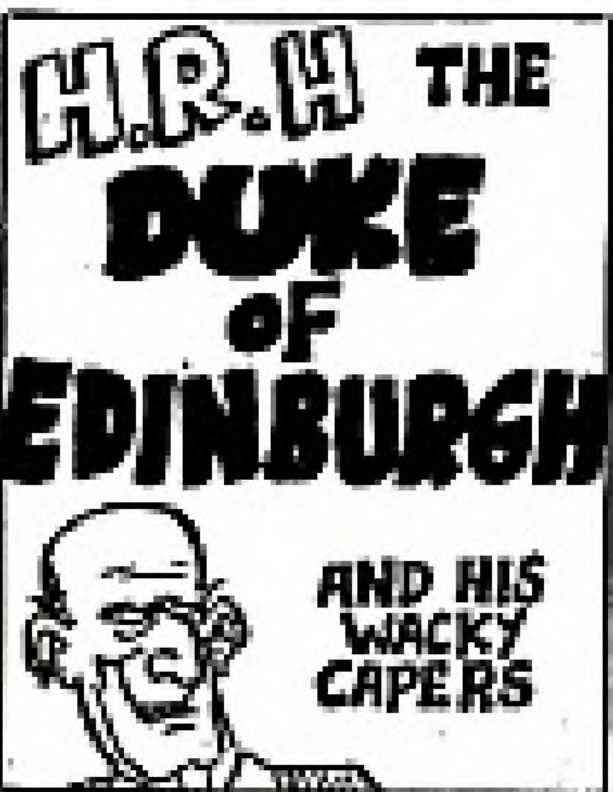
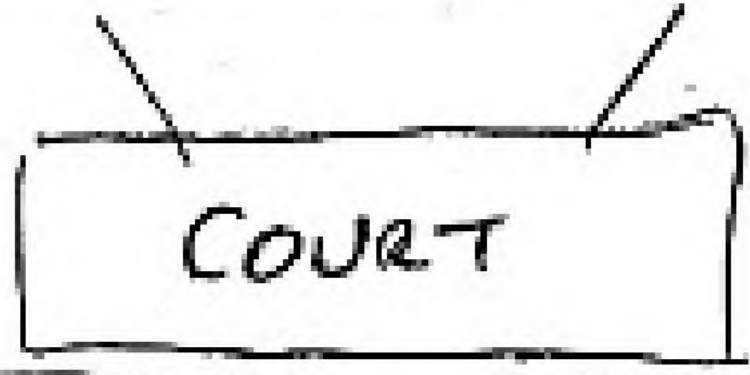
DOCUMENTARY

Are you a
DAFT SLAPPER
aged 18 - 20 with big tits, who fancies a free holiday?

Or a
PISSED BLOKE
aged 18 to 20, desperate for a shag?

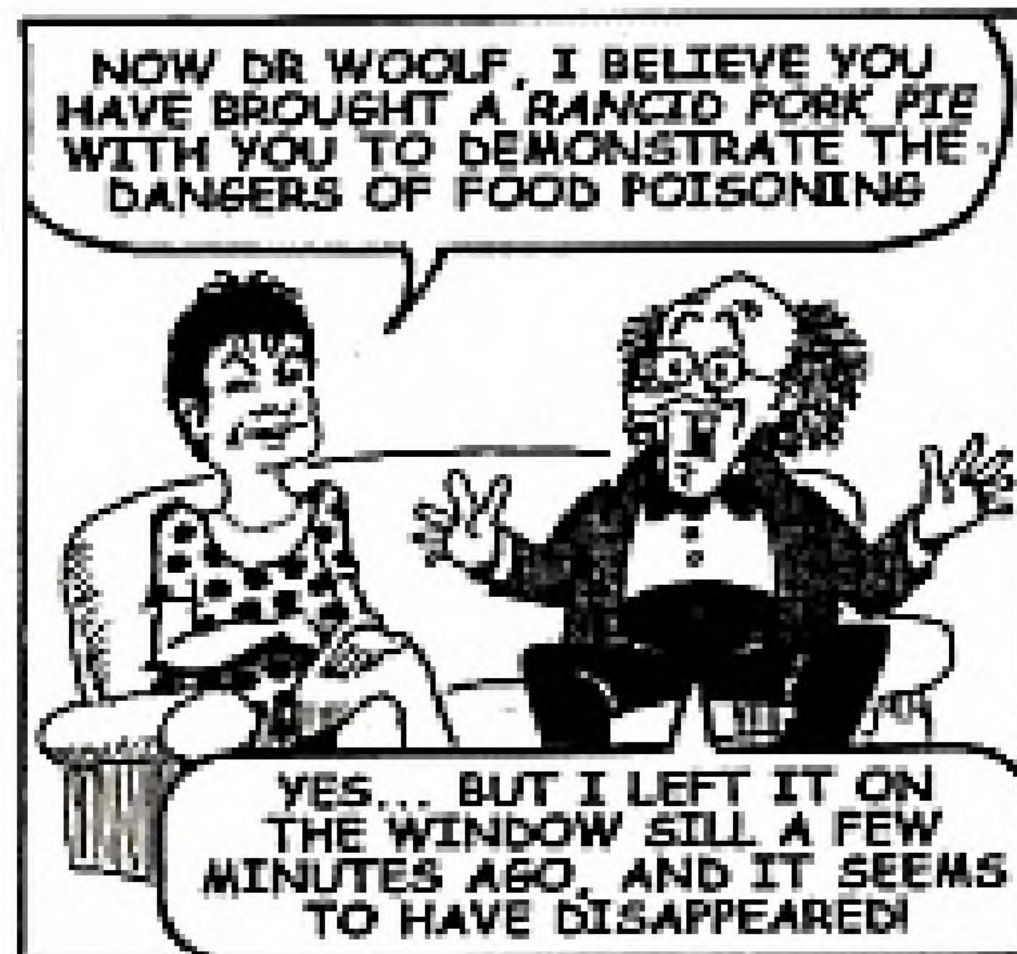
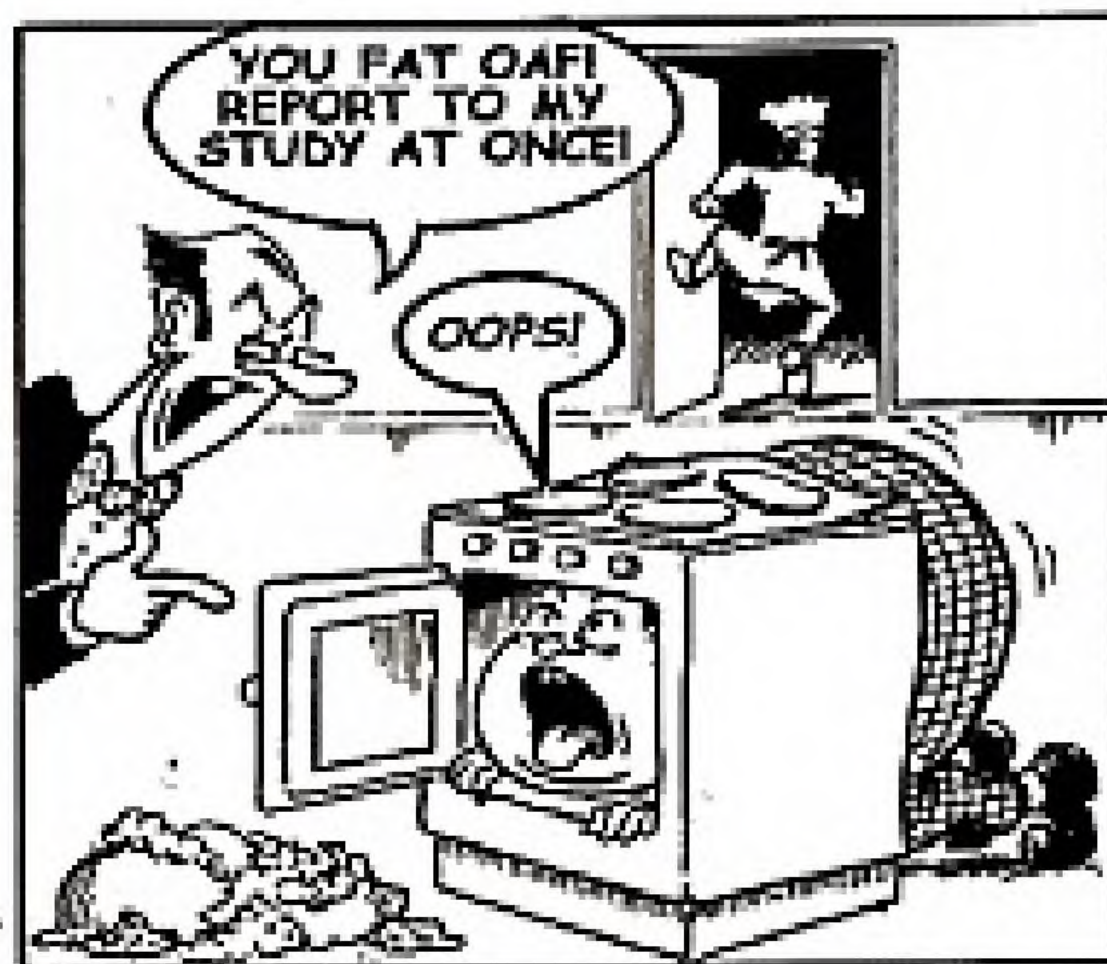
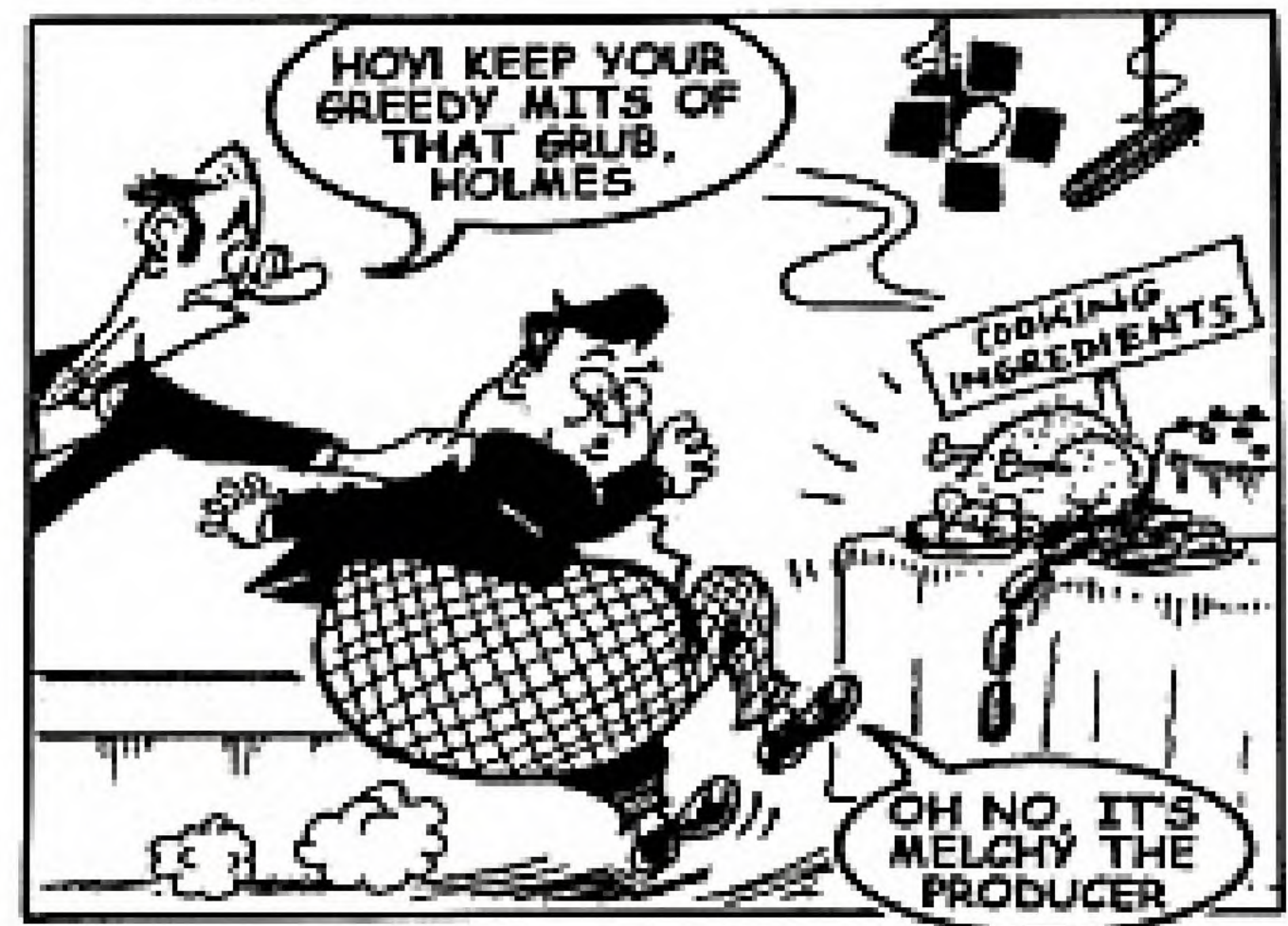
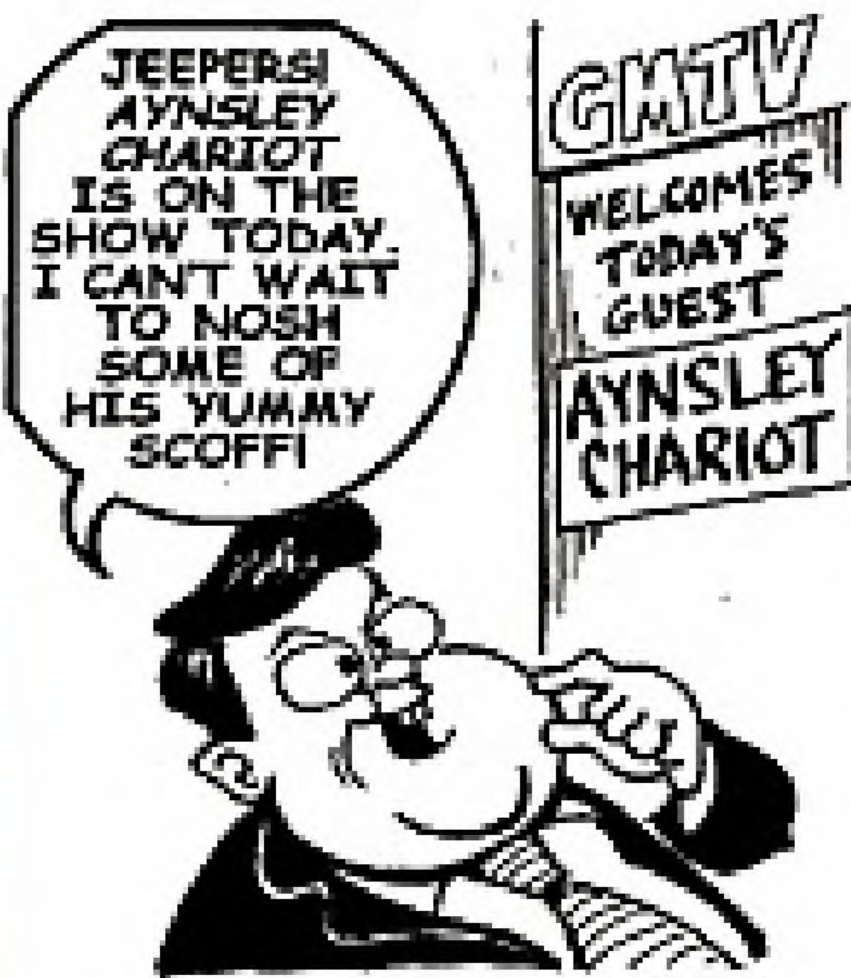
We are an unimaginative TV production company currently auditioning for another so-called documentary about drunken twats acting up to camera whilst on holiday. If you would be interested in appearing, please send a video tape of yourself getting drunk, being sick or lying in bed with a headache, to:

Arsehole Productions, 8th floor, Pisspool House, 29 Dross Lane London W1



HEFTY HOLMES

THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHUMP OF G.M.T.V.





BILLY BOTTOM AND HIS ZANY TOILET PRANKS



SNATCHED!

A couple who's new born baby was snatched from a hospital maternity unit by a woman posing as a nurse, faced an agonising wait whilst the search for a newspaper willing to pay for their story continued.

Maureen Cretis, 32, had given birth to daughter, Chloe, just eight hours before she was taken. Max Clifford was alerted when the baby's father, Stephen, 34, found her cot empty.

snatch

Their nightmare began about an hour after the

Couple's heartache as baby is stolen

snatch when Mr. Clifford informed them that immediate negotiations with papers in the local area had drawn a blank.

muff

He expressed his fears that the search for the tabloid may have to be extended to the rest of the country. At an emotional press conference this morning, Stephen Cretis appealed for help. "This is a complete nightmare" he said. "My heart goes out to anyone



Clifford - yesterday

who has ever tried to sell a story to the papers." Fighting back tears, he added "I appeal to the editor who wants our story, whoever you are, please, please, give us the money now."

Benson & Hedges CLOWN FAGS



Government Health Warning
SMOKING FAGS CAN MAKE YOUR CAR DOORS FALL OFF
6mg Tar 0.5mg Nicotine 3mg Custard Pies

FRED DIBNAH'S POP FABLES

THE WORLD OF POP MUSIC, LIKE THAT OF STEAM ENGINES, CAN TAKE MANY TWISTS AND TURNS. AND NEVER MORE SO THAN IN MY STORY FOR YOU THIS WEEK — WHICH IS TITLED

THE TALE OF THE THREE LITTLE GIBBS

THE 3 LITTLE GIBBS LIVED WITH THEIR MOTHER, MRS BEE GEE, ON THE EDGE OF A DEEP DARK FOREST



NOW THEN BARRY, MAURICE AND ROBIN

I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU

YES MOTHER?

TAKE THIS BASKET OF HOME-MADE EXPENSIVE SHOES TO SIR ELTON JOHN



HE LIVES ALONE IN A LITTLE HOUSE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOOD

AND REMEMBER — DON'T LEAVE THE FOOTPATH



OR THE BIG BAD WOLF WILL GET YOU. AND EAT YOU UP

OFF THROUGH THE WOODS SKIPPED THE HUFFY, SHINEY-TOOTHED POP-SQUEAKERS



...TRAGEDY! AND THE FEELINGS GONE, DE DA DA DEE, IT'S A TRAGEDY...

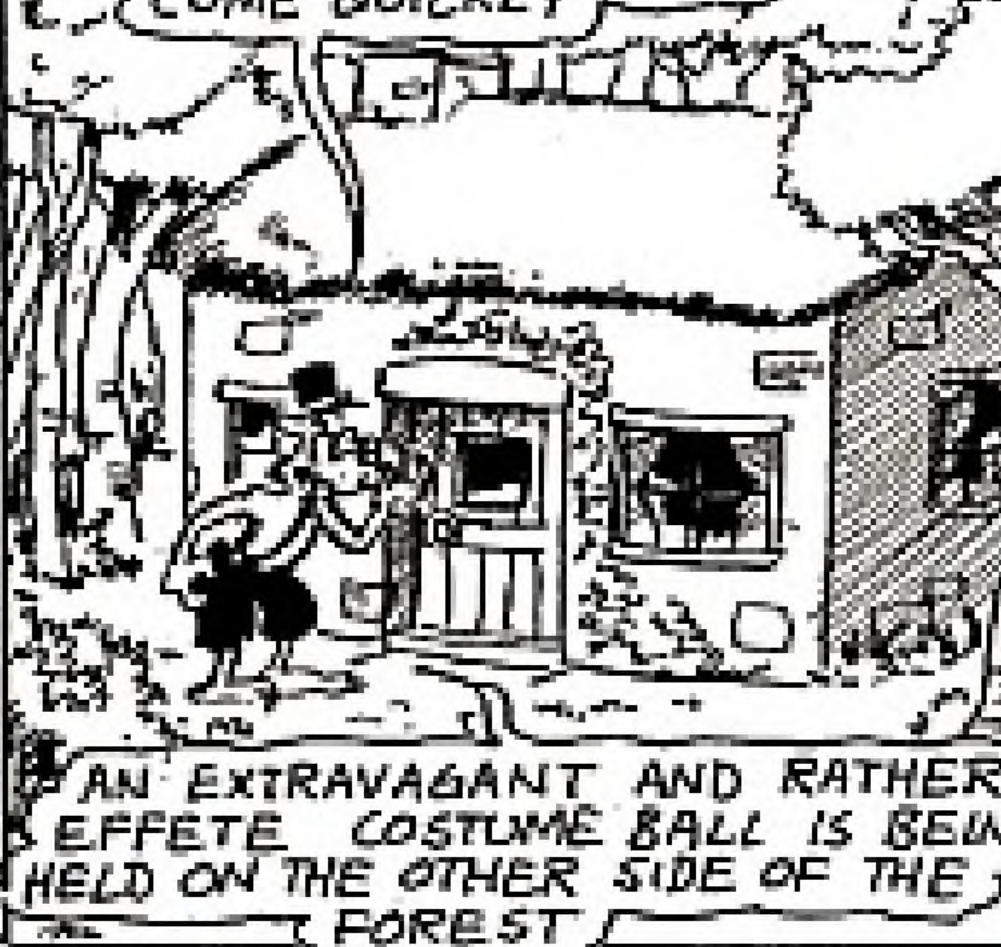
..NA NA NA, AND IT'S HARD TO BEAR...

YUM! YUM! THOSE THREE LITTLE GIBBS WOULD MAKE A TOOTH-SOME MORNING SNACK



LUCKILY, I KNOW A SHORT CUT TO SIR ELTON JOHN'S HOUSE

SIR ELTON, SIR ELTON, COME QUICKLY



AN EXTRAVAGANT AND RATHER EFFETE COSTUME BALL IS BEING HELD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOREST

AS SIR ELTON HURRIED AWAY CLUTCHING A BIG STUPID-LOOKING COSTUME...



THAT'S GOT RID OF HIM

NOW I'LL LIE IN WAIT FOR THOSE GIBBS

GOODNESS — WHAT BIG EARS YOU'VE GOT, SIR ELTON



ALL THE BETTER TO HEAR YOUR CASTRATED-ALAN-BALL-ON-HELIUM SINGING, MY DEARS

AND WHAT BIG TEETH YOU'VE GOT — SQUEAL!



ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH

YOU LITTLE TWATS

AND SO IT WAS THAT THE 3 LITTLE GIBBS WERE BAKED IN A PIE AND GOBBLED UP BY THE WOLF



AH-AH-AH-AH

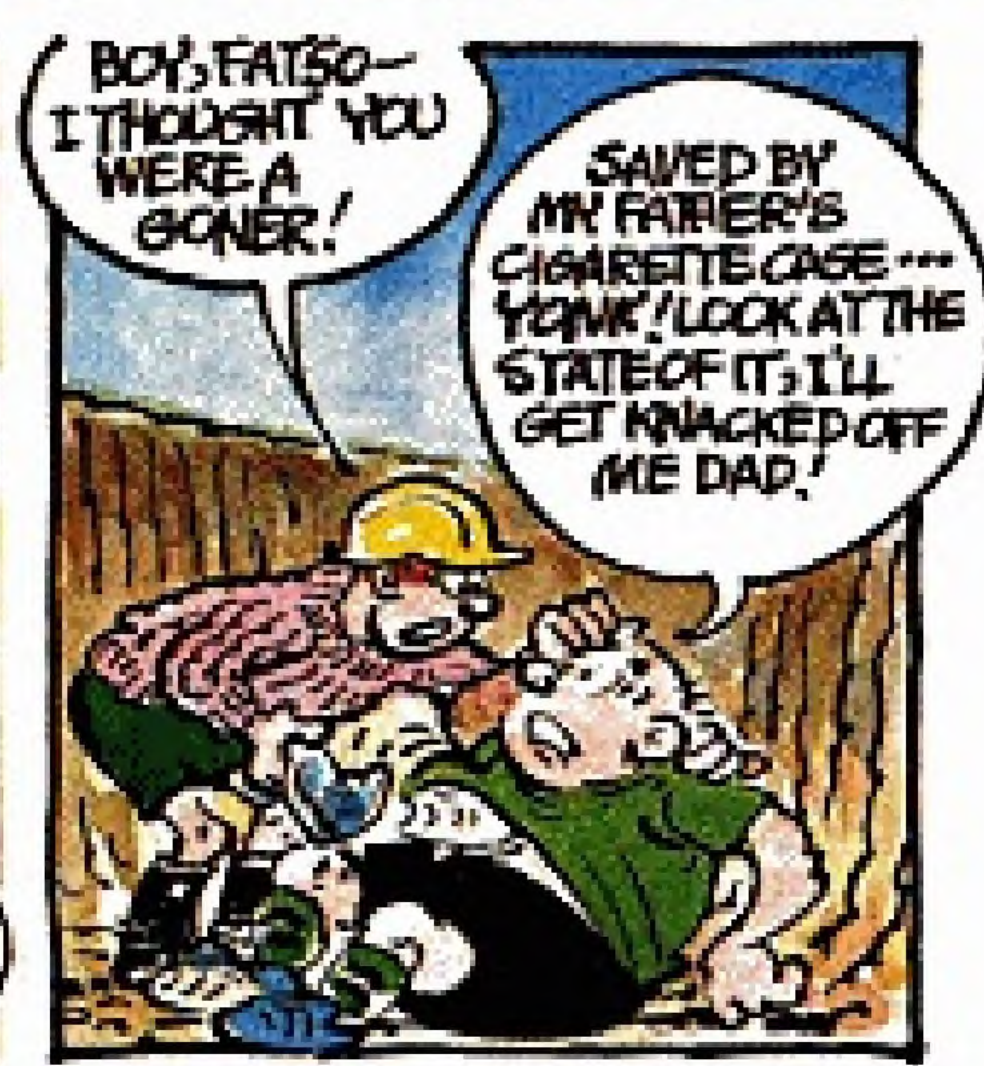
EATEN ALIVE, EATEN ALIVE

THE ROAD TO POP MUSIC STARDOM CAN INDEED BE A LONG AND TANGLED ONE, A ROAD OF MANY PEAKS AND TROUGHS



AND IT IS A ROAD BEST TRAVELLED ON A 34-HORSEPOWER BOLTON & WATT TRACTION ENGINE WITH RECIPROCATING STEAM PRESSURE REGULATOR





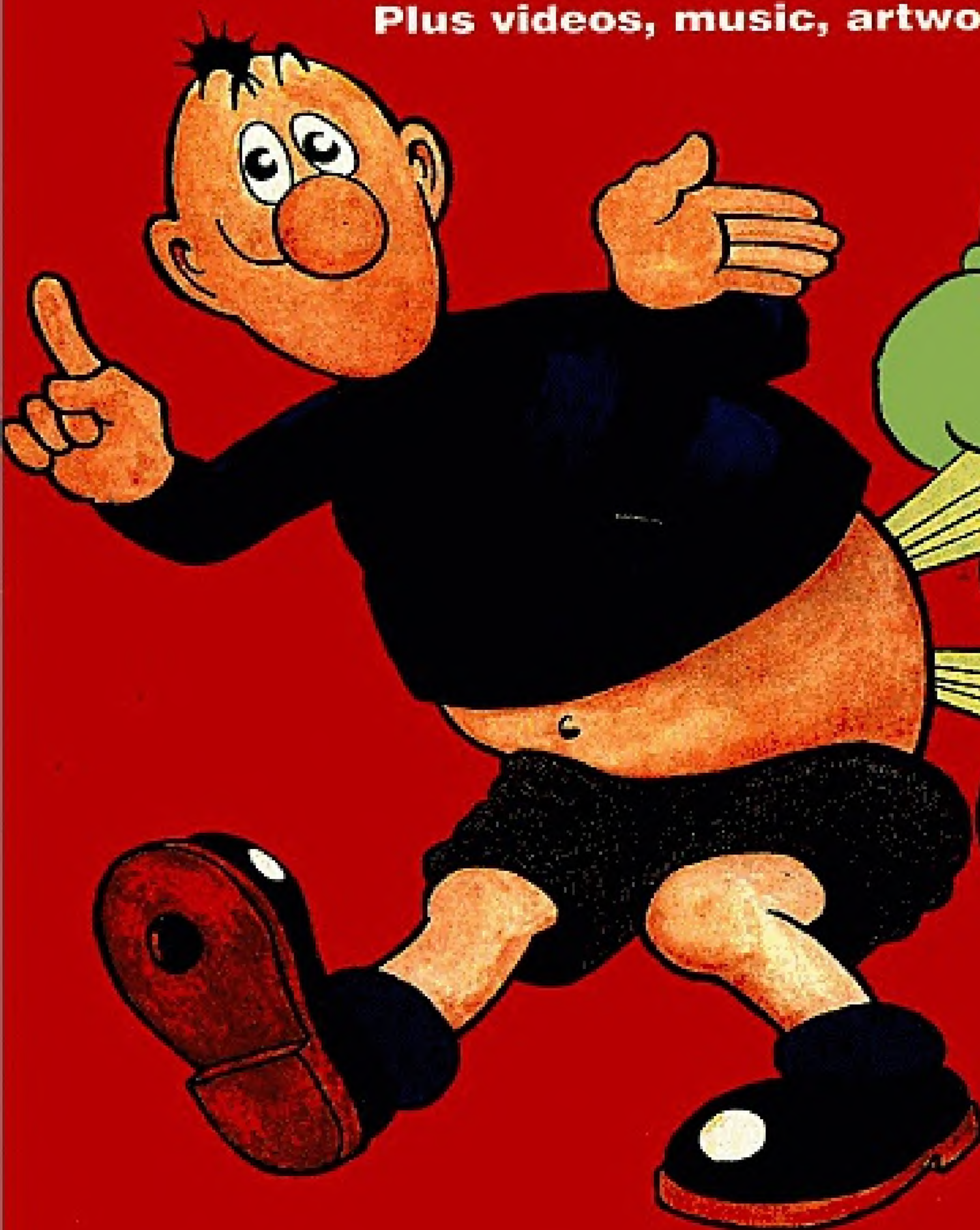
Newcastle Brown presents



QUACK! OOPS!

20 YEARS of **VIZ**

You are cordially invited to see Viz make an exhibition of itself.
Fully inter-active exhibits including Johnny's 'Wheel of Fart-tune',
Sid's 'I Speak Your Tits Machine',
and the Fat Slags' 'Photo Shag-O-Rama'.
Plus videos, music, artwork and that.



Sat 27th Nov -
Thurs 23rd Dec

**British
Cartoon
Centre**

60 Brunswick
Centre
Marchmont Street
London
W1

Sat 29th Jan -
Sun 13th Feb

**Newcastle
Arts Centre**

55 Westgate Road
Newcastle
upon Tyne

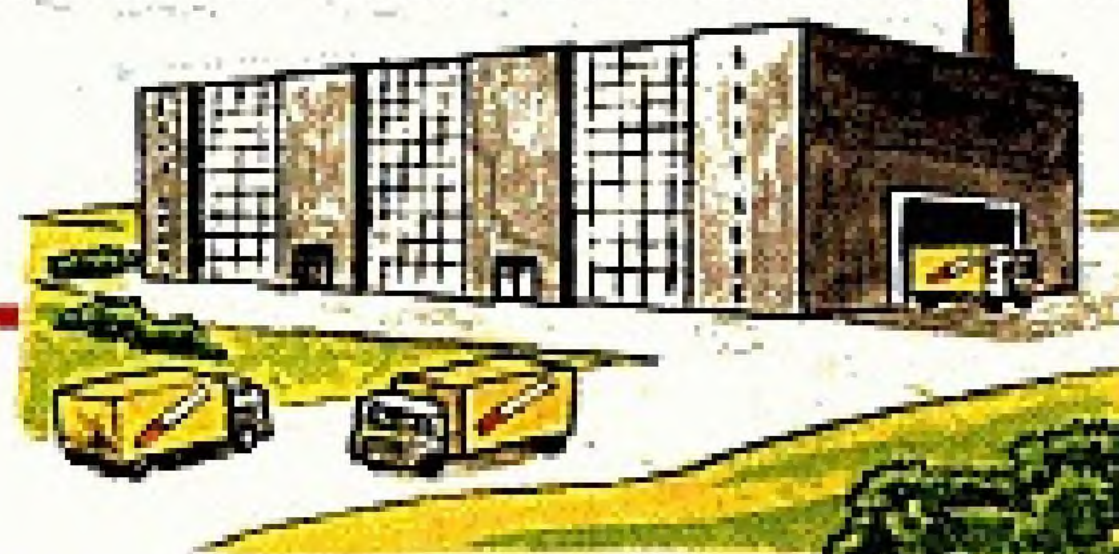
Fun for ALL the family (except the kids). Admission Free

From the 8-year old schoolboy enjoying his first surreptitious drag behind the blkeshed, to the 100-year-old man propped up in bed puffing merrily away, everyone loves a fag. And whether you just have the occasional one after a meal, or you are a dedicated 80-a-day chain smoker, we are all part of one of the most finely balanced ecological systems...

"...THE FAG CYCLE"

Mother Nature's Miraculous Circle of Life.

THE CYCLE BEGINS at the Cigarette factory, where huge machines labour 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, turning out countless millions of nature's cylindrical wonders, each one a perfect copy of the last. Smiling workers chat happily as they pack the fags neatly into gaily coloured boxes of 20, before fleets of lorries whisk them away to tobacconists, pubs and off-licences in all four corners of the world.



An excited young boy goes into the newsagent for his first cigarette. It's a day he'll remember all his life. Like his parents, and grandparents before him, he proudly hands over a few pennies for 1 Woodbine and a match 'for his father', as he takes his first step on the road to adulthood.



The tobacco farmer ploughs his land, and sows his seed. The goodness from the smoker is quickly taken up by the young plants, who use it to produce strong healthy leaves, ready to be picked, bundled and sent to the cigarette factory, where the whole wonderful cycle begins again.



No part of any cigarette is ever wasted. In an amazing 'cycle within a cycle', gentlemen of the road pick the gutters and pavements clean of discarded dog ends, and turn them into... new cigarettes!

Pretty soon, the boy is a man, and cigarettes are his constant companion as he proudly smokes 20, 30, 40 a day. Cigarettes enhance his every waking moment, helping him concentrate, helping him relax. They lead to inner cleanliness, keeping his bowels well toned and regular. And they make him an instant focus of attention with the ladies!

All the natural goodness of a century's smoking will not go to waste. After the funeral, his body is broken down by micro-organisms, and all the nutrients and minerals from the fags he smoked are returned to the soil from where they came.



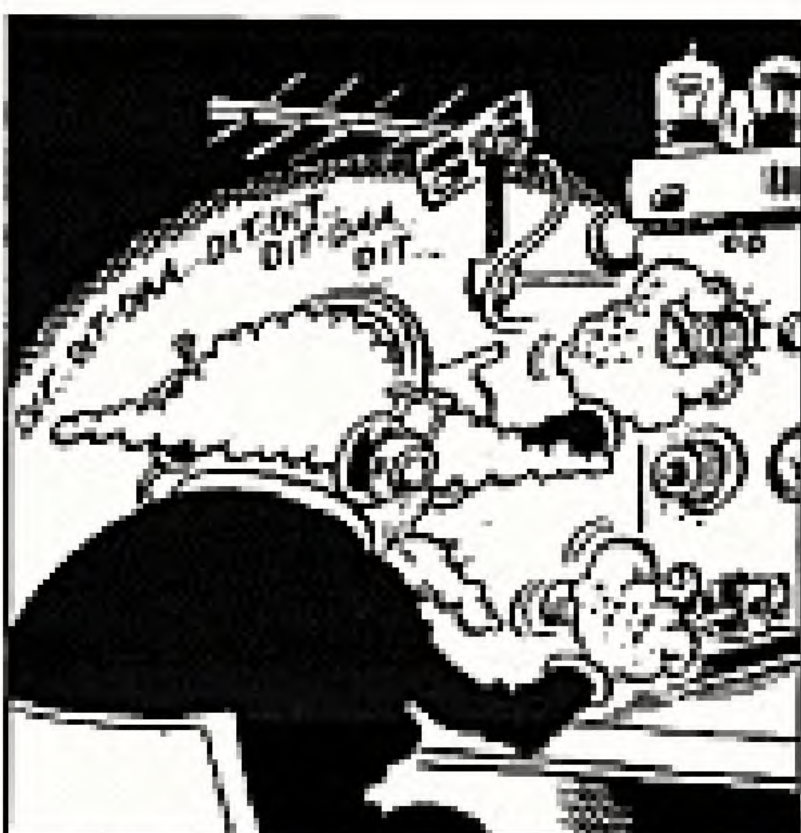
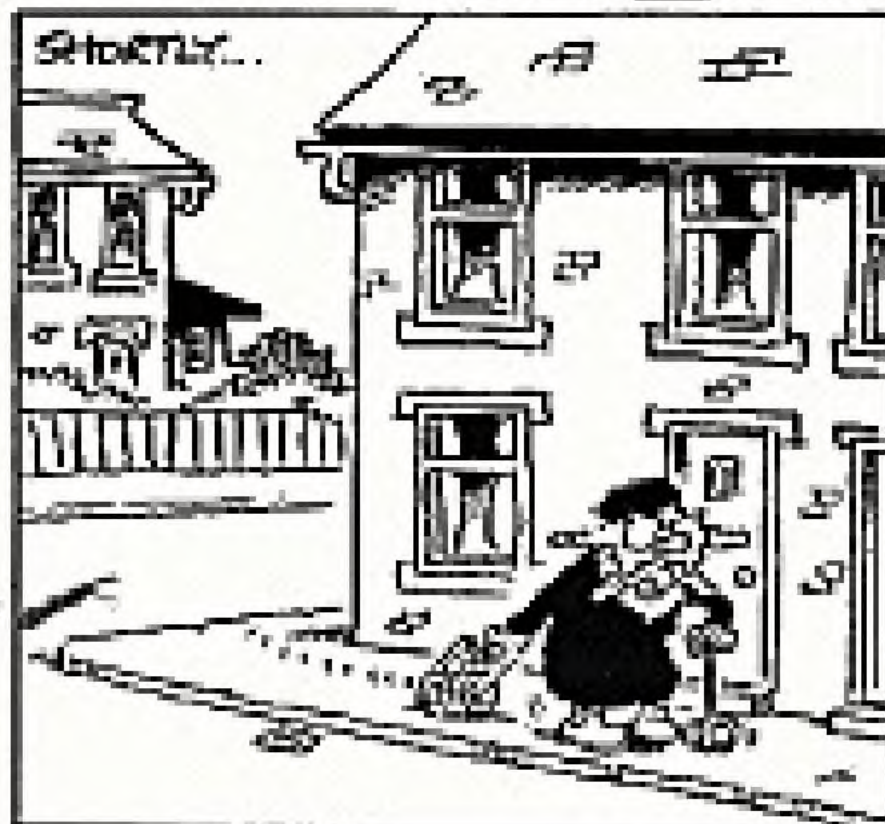
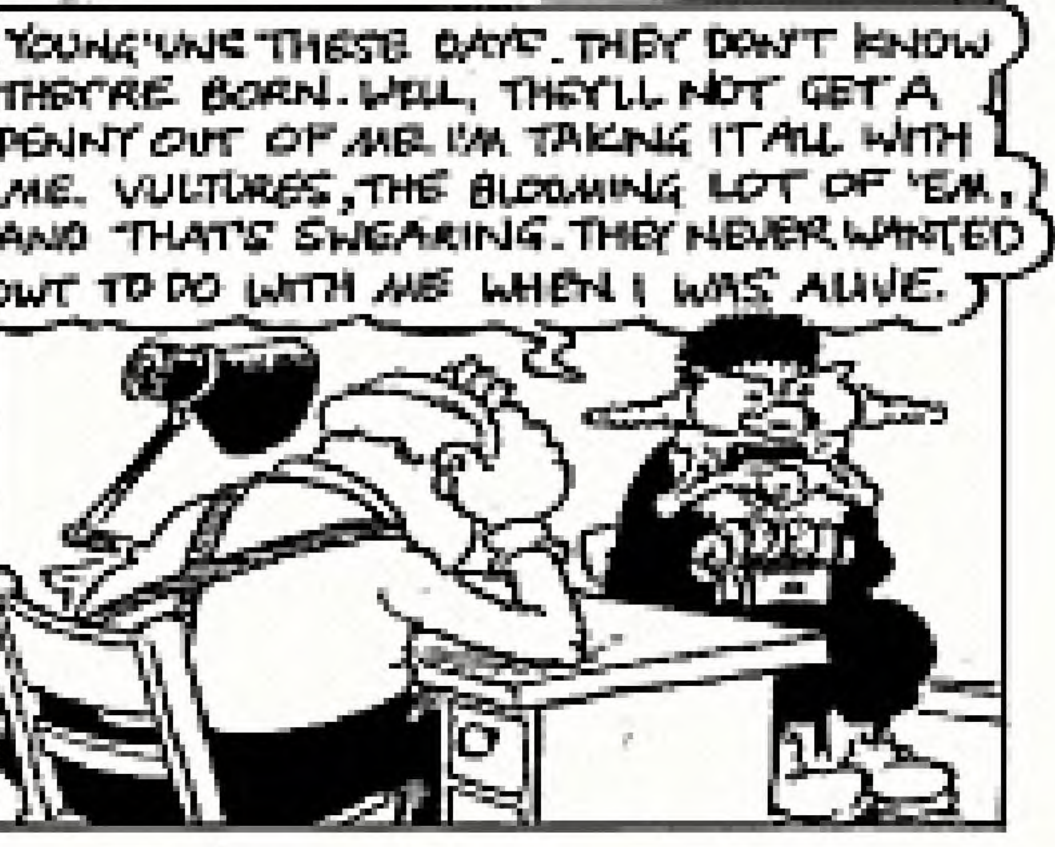
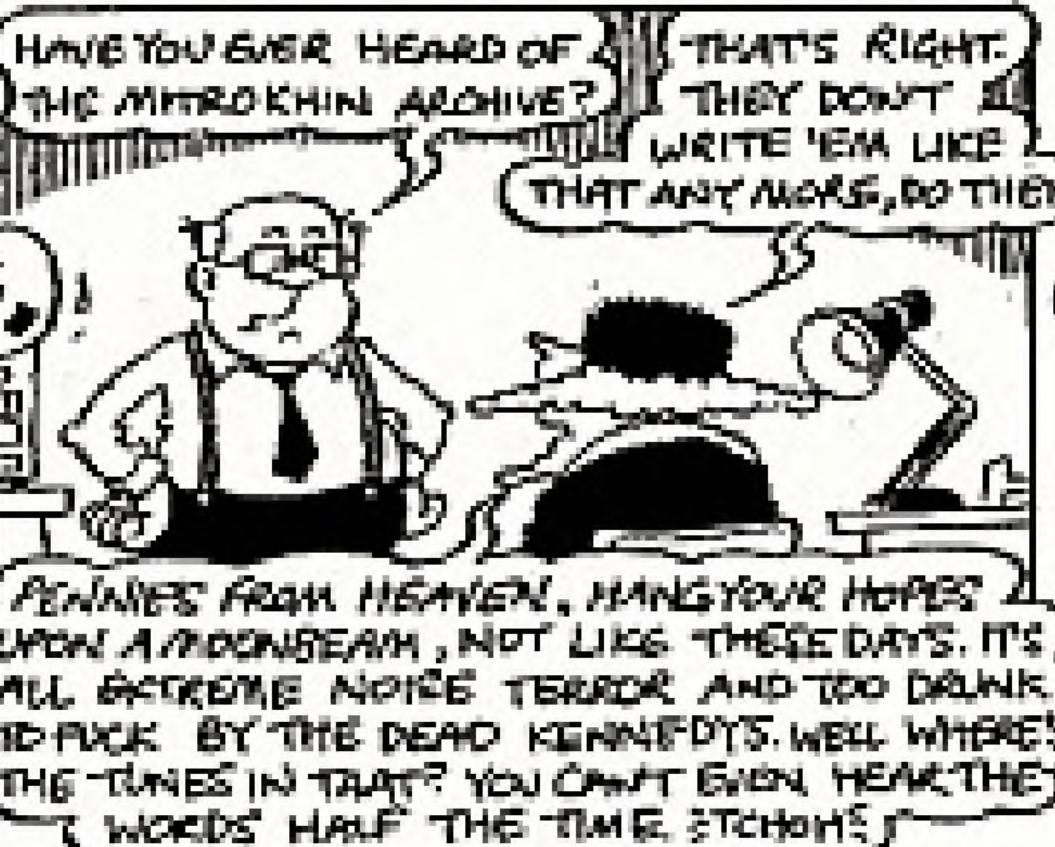
In an another amazing 'cycle within a cycle', cigarettes not only bring us TV's, they also bring us the programmes we see on them. Thanks to the generosity of the fag companies, we are able to watch every sport from darts to F1 racing, all free and in the comfort of our own homes.



Our young man has now retired from work, and he can look fondly back at the rewards that half a century of heavy smoking has brought him. Not only a life-time of pleasure and relaxation, but also more material benefits from the thousands upon thousands of coupons that he has collected over the years.

Sadly, everyone has to die. Our man is now 108 and, though he's never had a day's illness in his life, he has come to the end of his time. Sprinting across the road to buy a paper, he has been hit by a bus. He dies the way he lived, with a smile, and a cigarette, on his lips. But the cycle goes on.

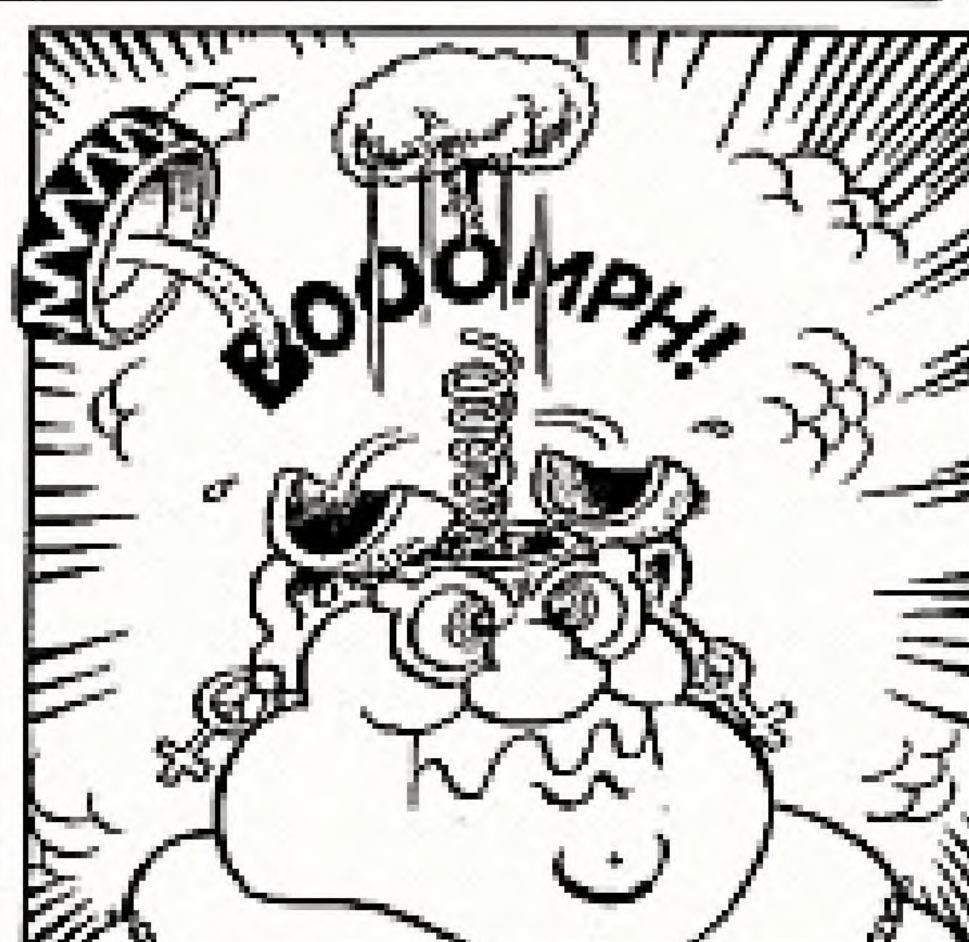
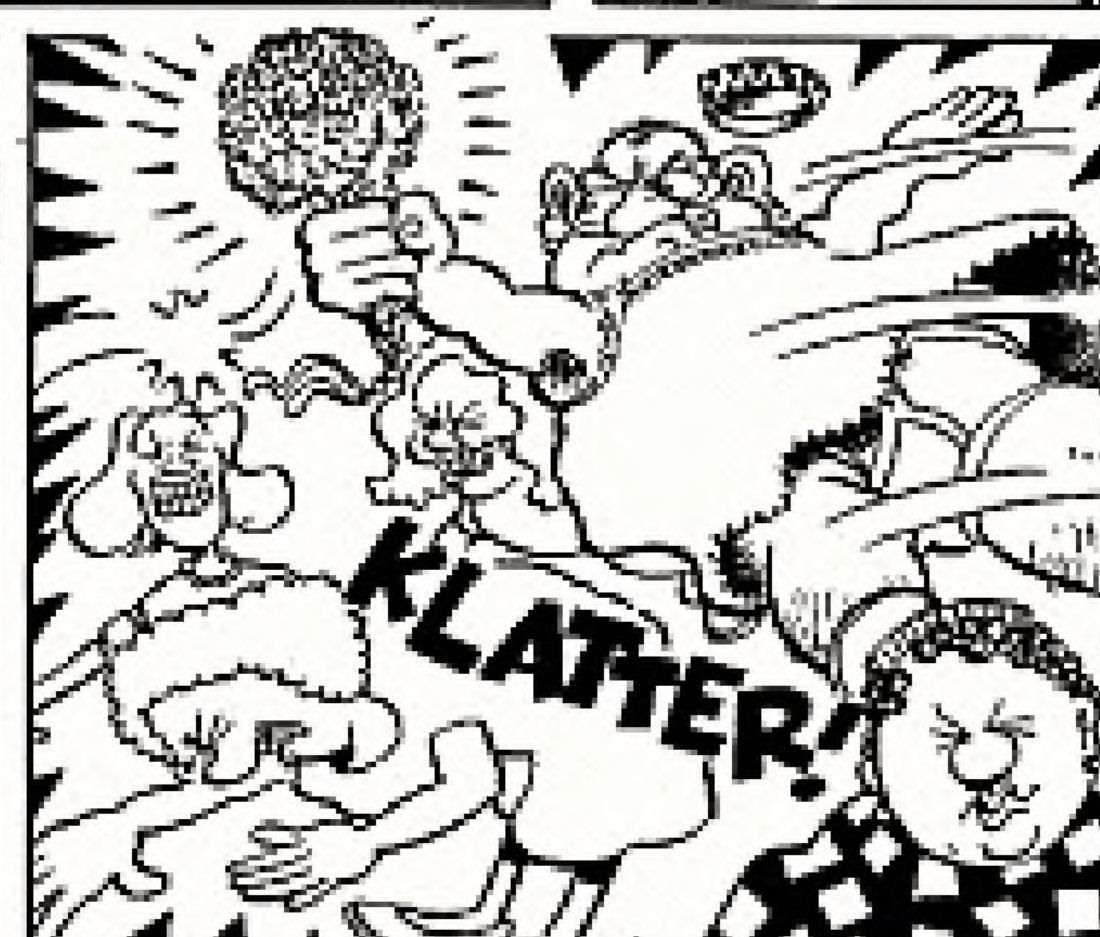
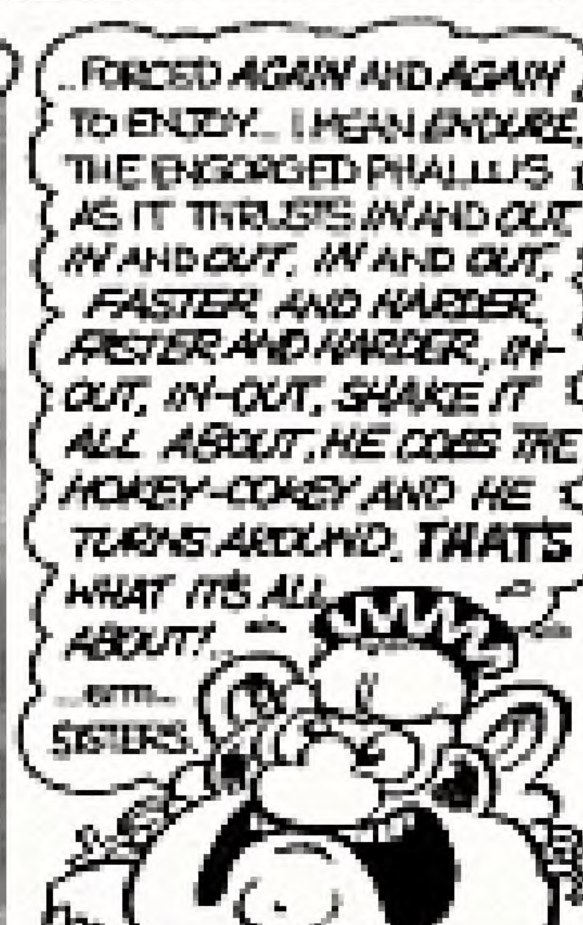
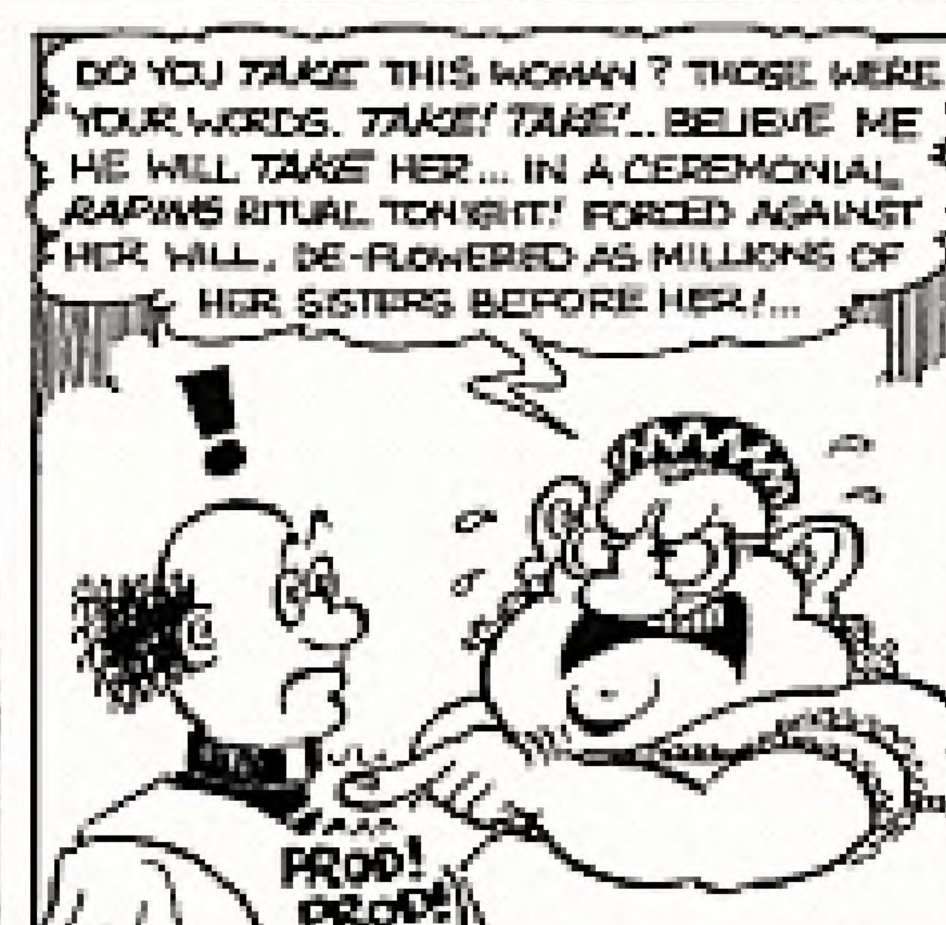
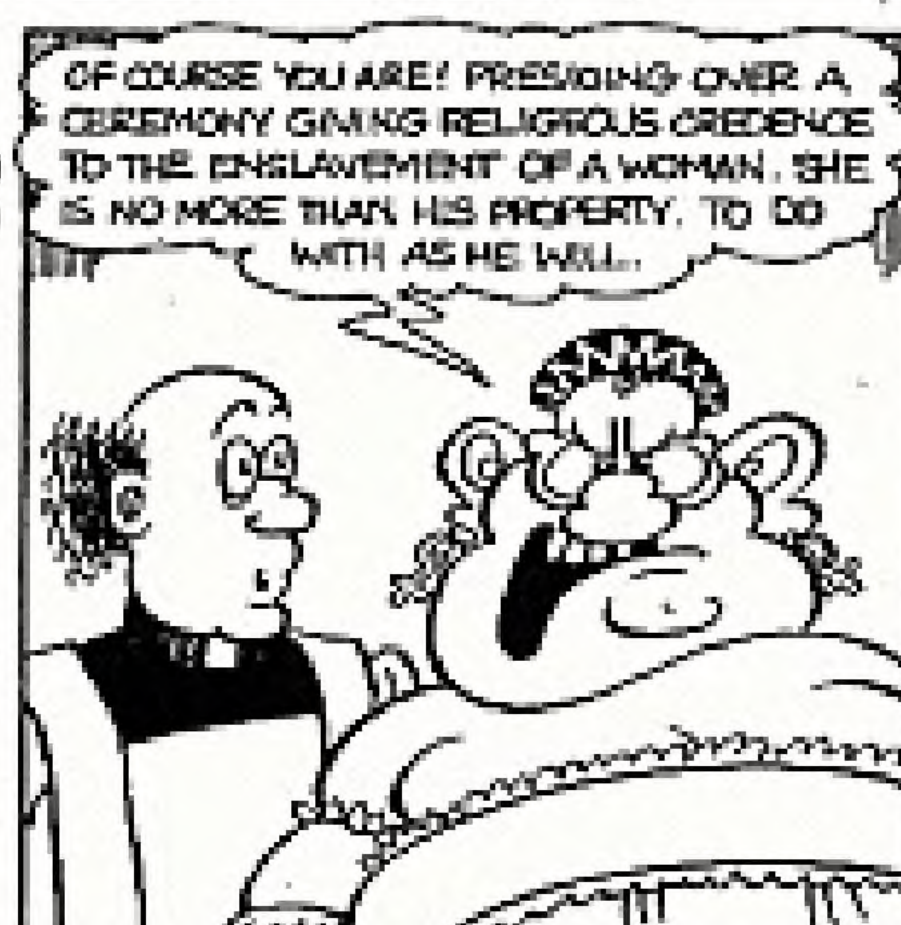
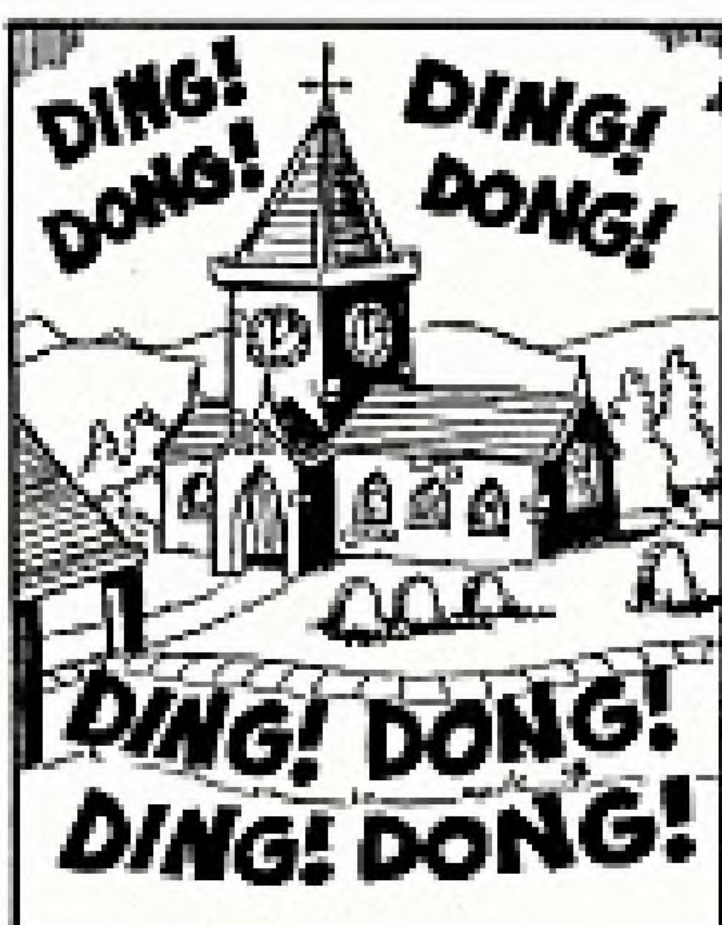




MILLIE TANT



and her radical conscience





COURT CIRCULAR

SANDRINGHAM

Yesterday, HRH The Prince of Wales attended the opening of Camilla Parker-Bowles' legs inside the Royal Bedroom and afterwards wiped his dobber on the State curtains.

BALMORAL

Yesterday, Her Majesty The Queen spent the morning in a council house in Glasgow, failing to conceal her contempt for her host. In the afternoon, she spent two hours pulling miserable faces like someone was waving a turd under her nose. Afterwards, at a garden party given in her honour by the Peebles Townswomen's Guild, she wore gloves to shake hands with some proletariats, before removing the gloves and burning them.

CLARENCE HOUSE

HRH Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother drank four bottles of gin and watched the racing on Channel 4. In the evening she ran up another £1m debt and didn't give a shit.

Yesterday, HRH The Princess Margaret burnt her fat arse in the bath whilst ripped to her big saggy tits on champagne.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

HRH The Earl of Wessex minced into work at 11.50 and spent the rest of the afternoon with his head in his hands remembering 'It's a Royal Knockout.' He later gave an interview on American Television where he managed to imply that his multi-million pound-loving company was successful and that everyone in Britain was a twat.

The MAN in the PUB

Britain's most ill-informed columnist



● I'LL TELL you one thing. There's no flies in China. Straight up that is, not one. You see, what it is, is they train all the kids from birth to swat 'em. Imagine that, twenty billion Chinese all swatting flies. No wonder there aren't any.

● AND another thing. That Julian Clary, he's not really a puff, you know. It's all part of his act. Got a wife and two kids, he has. Mind you, that don't mean a thing these days, he's probably bent as a nine bob note. Friction, you see.

● THERE'S more potato in a McDonalds milk shake than there is in a bag of there chips. I bet you didn't know that, did you? Well it's true.

● DID YOU know that you use more energy eating vegetables than you get from the bloody things. They don't tell you that do they? If you're washed up on a desert island and all there is to eat is vegetables, you'll live longer if you don't eat 'em. Or is it celery?

● NOW that bloke, Michael Fagin, you know, him who broke into the Queen's bedroom and sat on her bed. Well he only went and felt her tits, didn't he? Papers said he just talked to her, but he went and rubbed her up. Mate of mine told me, printer on the Auto Trader.

● BRUCE Forsyth, right. I'll tell you what, he's got two things written into his contract on 'The Price is Right'. First, they've got to put him up in a hotel with a golf course, and second, that they don't drive him through a council estate on his way to work. Snobby get, eh. Bloke who's brother works at Yorkshire telly told me that.

Best not, I'm driving. Oh go on then. I'll have a double whisky.

DO YOU ENJOY YOUR JOB

PRISON BROTHEL



Miriam

SOLVES YOUR PROBLEMS



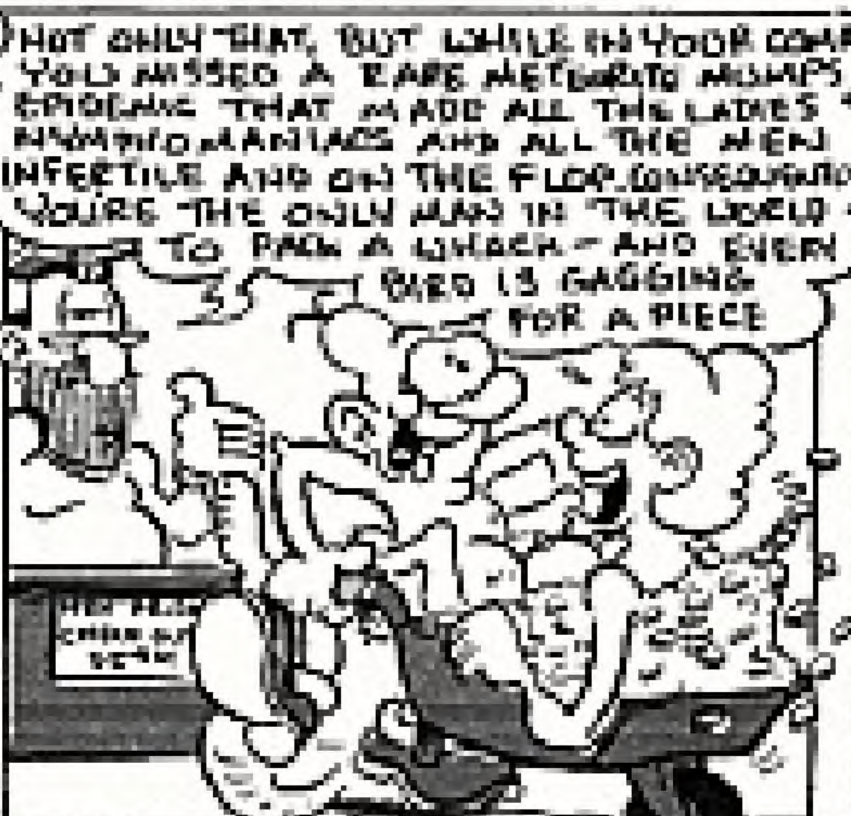
Dear Miriam... I am a middle-aged Bangladeshi Lord of the Manor, and restaurateur in Newcastle upon Tyne, and I have a very worrying compulsion. I keep getting insatiable urges to give Viz readers discounts when dining at my restaurant, The Rupali, in the Bigg Market area of the city centre. At first it was just 5% and I could handle it. Then it was 10%. Now I can only be satisfied by giving 20% off the total bill to all Viz readers. Am I losing my mind?

A.L. Lord of H.
The Rupali

*Well Mr. Latif, it seems you really do have a problem, and I have made an appointment for you to see a psychiatrist on November 30th. In the meantime, I suggest any Viz readers who fancy a curry, get down to the Rupali Restaurant in the Bigg Market before this date, where on presentation of this voucher (right), Lord Harpole will be unable to resist giving you a 20% discount off your total bill.

Voucher for 20% off total bill at The Rupali Restaurant, Newcastle upon Tyne

Offer closes Nov. 30th when I will have had my treatment and does not apply to any other special offers or special menus. Valid on cash payments only



THANKS MATE YOU SPANNY GET!

THE MODERN PARENTS

John Fordell '99

November 5th

Now, we've called this emergency meeting of the Ethically Aware Parents' Committee to discuss a very serious issue.....

Yesterday, it came to our attention that some of our young people have been pooling their personal allowance money and buying fireworks...

That's awful! These evil by-products of the arms industry should be banned!

Absolutely! Apart from being terribly dangerous, they glorify missile technology.

And it's not just the rockets... The Catherine wheel is a sick representation of an instrument of misogynist torture!

COMMUNITY CENTRE

DISCOVER YOUR OWN TALENTS
TAKE PART
IN THE
COMMUNITY CENTRE
EVENTS

Obviously we discussed the issue with the young people and democratically decided that they should hand over these fireworks to us so that we can dispose of them responsibly... Malcolm's stored them downstairs in the Community Hall for now...

I hope you've locked them up, Malcolm...

Well I don't actually believe in the concept of locking things up from young people... It discourages moral responsibility... I'm sure Tarquin and the others won't abuse the trust I've placed in them not to remove the fireworks from the cupboard...

It's outrageous that Guy Fawkes' Night should still be allowed at all! These lager-loveish British festivals are terribly offensive to people from different cultures...

Yes, we should be adopting quiet, meditative festivals like Diwali instead.

And Guy Fawkes' Night is particularly offensive to the ethnic Catholic community... We shouldn't be celebrating the execution of a Celtic freedom fighter.

Absolutely... Guy Fawkes was a pacifist... He was only trying to blow up the English parliament to stop them taking over the druidic sisterhood of Celtic nations...

Wasn't Guy Fawkes Spanish?

Ah well then, he'd have been a Moor at that time, wouldn't he?... He was a black activist trying to stop the slave trade.

I read that he was a gay rights campaigner. He was framed because he was having an affair with Christopher Marlowe.

No no no! He was framed by the Pope because he fought the Catholic Church's bigoted attitude towards Third World birth control. It's all to do with the Knights Templar and the Freemasons.

Anyway, it's definitely an offensive festival....

Why don't we hold our own festival tomorrow night instead? We could have a Celtic Pagan Fire Festival!

Oh yes!.. We could wear giant wickerwork costumes and juggle flaming torches and do primitive free drumming...

Actually, I don't think we should be using real fire at all... At a time when villages are still being burnt and fire-bombed in places like... like... Bosnia and... um... places, it seems very inappropriate.

Wendy's absolutely right!.. We know that the ancient Pagan societies used fire in a caring, spiritual way but nowadays flames have too many connotations with male violence ...

We have to consider the feelings of any refugees living near here ...

And the concerns of the flammiophobic community...

I know! Why don't we create a piece of fire dance, in which the flames are represented by movement and costume?

Oh yes! I could wear my orange silk wrap which I brought back from Bali ...



And our Wodd Rhythms percussion group could improvise the music.

Look, this is a Tai Chi fire gesture ... You have to feel the upward flow of energy...

Do you think we should get some of the young people to join in?

I don't know... I think us adults should perform it as a surprise for them.

Yes... Anyway, Tarquin and Guinevere are very busy at the moment... We've finally got them interested in Feng Shui... They've spent the whole afternoon moving bits of our furniture and stuff downstairs.

Gosh, so have Mhairi and Zak! They've even been taking some of our things into the garden... It's so sweet!



Anyway, that's agreed then... We'll hold a non-violent, non-explosive, non-inflammatory festival of expressive choreography and peck...

Absolutely!... I'm sure the young people will love it!...



One lucky reader **MUST** **WIN A NIGHT ON** **THE TOON!**

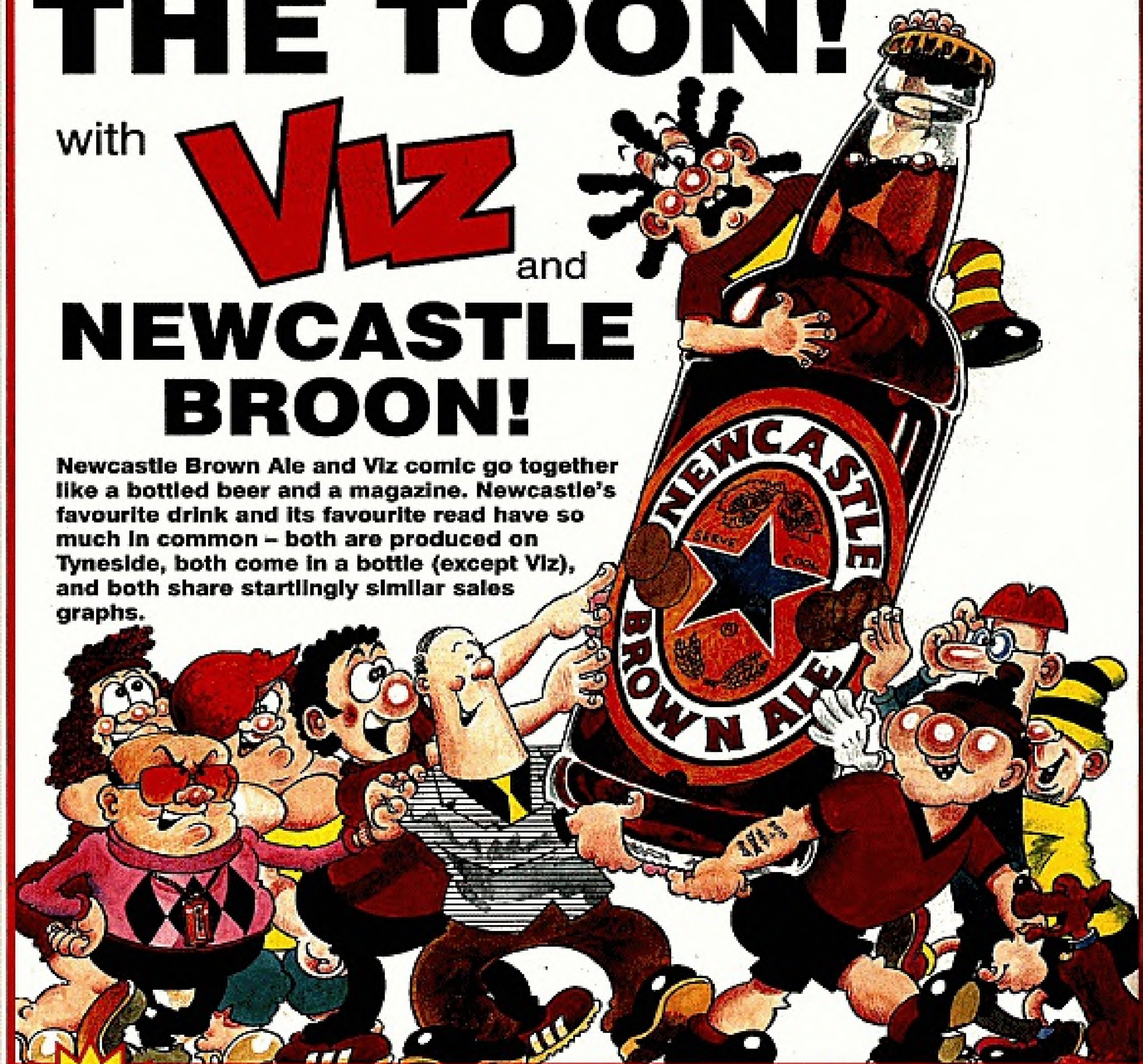
with

VIZ

and

NEWCASTLE BROON!

Newcastle Brown Ale and Viz comic go together like a bottled beer and a magazine. Newcastle's favourite drink and its favourite read have so much in common – both are produced on Tyneside, both come in a bottle (except Viz), and both share startlingly similar sales graphs.



PLUS

100 only *slightly* less lucky readers must win
Vouchers for 12 bottles of

Newcastle Brown Ale

WE'RE BACKING BROWN

'NEWKY BROON' or 'Dog' was discovered in Newcastle by the explorer Colonel Jim Porter in 1927. And from that day to this, Britain has never lost a World War or the 1966 World Cup. It's the beer that kept us smiling through the worst days of the blitz, kept us warm throughout the Cold War, and kept us screaming and wetting ourselves throughout Beatlemania. Whatever has happened throughout the past 72 years, Newky Broon has been there playing its part, reassuringly un-changing in an ever-changing world.

1927 Quiz OF THE YEAR



Colonel Jim Porter (left), discovering Newcastle Brown Ale in 1927

AND NOW some comparatively nice blokes half way up the ladder at the vast multinational of Scottish and Newcastle have gone behind their bosses' backs to give away huge quantities of the stuff to Viz readers. All you have to do is answer the following questions, all based on events of 1927, the year that 'Broon' was discovered.

The first 100 readers to write in with the correct answers will win vouchers for a dozen bottles of Dog (and judging by recent competition responses, anyone who bothers entering is almost certain to win).

And if you are the first one out of the hat, you will win an all expenses paid weekend out in Newcastle upon Tyne, the home of Newcastle Brown Ale, and possible nominated entrant for the European City of Culture, 2004.

Along with a friend, you will be given first class rail travel to the heart of the city, from where you'll be

whisked away for a 2-night stay in the poshest hotel money can buy*. Your time is your own, whether you want to spend it in one of the many museums or art galleries like a ponce, or head straight off for the Bigg Market and get stuck into the pubs and clubs. Whatever your choice, we'll chuck in £100 beer money. Here we go...

★ Which American pioneer aviator heard about the discovery of Newcastle Brown Ale, and flew the Atlantic single handed in order to try a bottle?

- a. Charles Lindbergh.
- b. John Denver.
- c. Dr. Waldo Pepper.

★ Which Newcastle Brown sponsored Newcastle-based football team last won the League Championship in this year?



- a. Aston Villa.
- b. A.C. Millan.
- c. Newcastle United.

★ The first talkie film, 'The Jazz Singer' opened in this year. What were its star, Al Jolson's first on-screen words?

- a. I'd walk a million miles for a Newcastle Brown.
- b. Play it again, Sam.
- c. Wait a minute, wait a minute. You ain't heard nothing yet.

★ Why did the Astronomer Royal travel to the North Yorkshire town of Giggleswick on June 29th of this year?

- a. He was going to Sheffield but fell asleep on the train.
- b. Because a supermarket had Broon on offer, four bottles for half a crown.
- c. To look at one of them solar eclipses.

★ What did Werner Heisenberg think up in this year that was to play a major role in the development of the atomic bomb?



- a. The Remington Fuzzaway.
- b. The Ronco Buttoneer.
- c. The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle.

★ Of what charge was pneumatic actress Mae West found guilty on April 19th, for which she served 10 days in jail?



- a. Stealing copper wire from a railway siding.
- b. Indecent behaviour.
- c. Cannibalism.

★ Whilst trying to get to an off licence for a few bottles of 'Dog' before it shut, Malcolm Campbell broke the world land speed record on February 4th. What was the name of his car?

- a. The Pink Panther.
- b. The Blue Bird.
- c. The Purple Pearler.

★ On November 15th, the U.K. Public Morals Committee warned that easy access to contraceptives would lead to what?

- a. Blocked drains.
- b. More shagging.
- c. Poorer hereditary stock.

★ On November 18th of this year, who announced the creation of the FIFA World Cup?

- a. Jules Rimet.
- b. Jules Verne.
- c. Jools Holland.



★ 'Ask the Family' and 'Call My Bluff' host Robert Robinson was born on December 17th. How much hair has he got?

- a. None
- b. Loads.
- c. Just some bits at the side, swept over the top.

ENTRY FORM

Tick the boxes below to indicate your answers, then complete the tie breaker colouring competition. Send your completed form to: **Newky Broon Competition, Viz Comic, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.** Closing date for entries is 15th November 1999. Winners will be notified by post and jolly good luck to you all.

- | | | | |
|-----|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. | a <input type="checkbox"/> | b <input type="checkbox"/> | c <input type="checkbox"/> |



Name _____
Address _____
Post Code _____
I am over 18, honest _____
(signed) _____

* The editors reserve the right to exaggerate wildly about the standard of rail travel and hotel accommodation on offer.

Hitchcock Horror Threat to Stars

STARS were in hiding last night after a spate of attacks sparked fears that Alfred Hitchcock's 'The Birds' was coming true.

In the film, people in a small fishing port are subject to a reign of terror by birds which mysteriously turn savage.

FOUO

In a chilling echo of the film, American beefcake star Fabio was hit in the face by an 11lb goose whilst on a rollercoaster in Williamsburg, Virginia. Only two months later,

Italian screen siren Sophia Loren was viciously pecked at by a cockatoo whilst opening the Harrods sale in London.

"After these two incidents, the stars are taking no chances," said spokesman for the stars Artie Fufkin. "They're all absolutely terrified."

gripe

"They've locked themselves in a house and nailed planks across the windows. They're taking this very seriously." The panic has left the entertainment industry

**SHOWBIZ
EXCLUSIVE!**

at a standstill, with TV studios, concert venues and film sets around the world left deserted.

frotter

Meanwhile, industry chiefs issued assurances to stars that they have nothing to fear, and urged them to return to work. "Please come out. The birds are not going to get you," said Disney boss Michael Eisner.

feel up

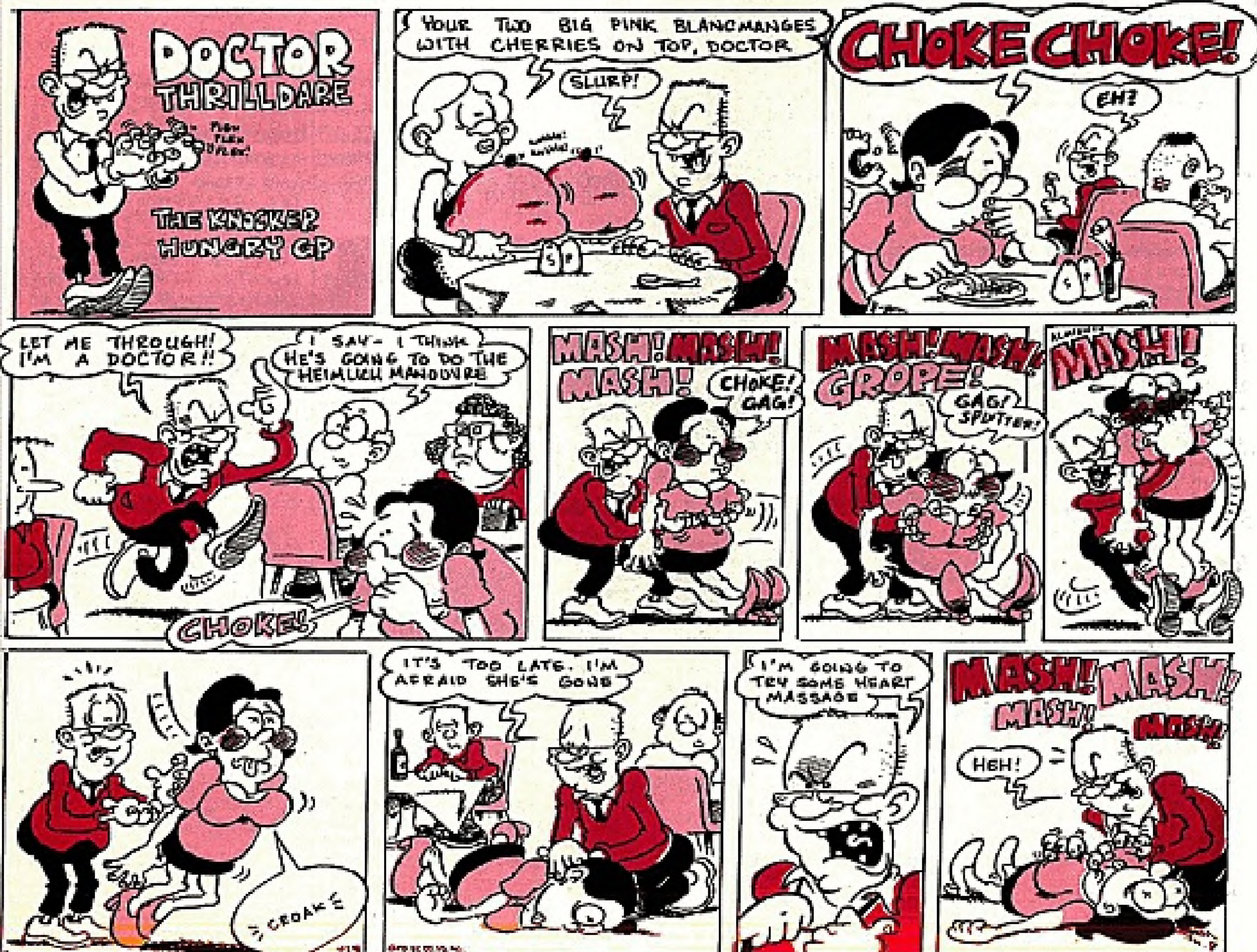
Speaking from the four bedroom house in Cape



Beefcake Fabio after the attack by the 11th grade

Cod where the stars have been holed up since Tuesday, a nervous Charlton Heston said: "This whole birds thing has got us all on edge. The Artist formerly known as Prince has just

heard a noise in the attic and Cilla Black has gone up to investigate. I don't mind admitting, we're real scared and we're not coming out."



A cartoon illustration of a man running. He has a large nose, a wide-eyed expression, and is wearing a simple shirt and pants. He is running towards the left. Above him, the word "Tasha" is written in a large, bold, stylized font. Below him, the word "Slap" is written in a similar large, bold, stylized font. The entire illustration is enclosed in a rectangular border.

WELLS WATSON, YOU'VE ONLY GOT THIS JOB BECAUSE I'M POKING YOUR BUTT. THERE'S TENS OF OTHER TARDANT GUYS I CAN LEER AT AND FEEL THE PRESS OF WHO WOULD LOVE TO BE PAID \$15.00 PER SHIFT TO WORK HERE. SO DON'T LET ME DOWN.

AVE. HEE BOTHER MAN

RIGHT, YOUR SHIFT STARTS NOW

RIGHT YOUR
SHIFT STRAITS NOW

SO...

WHAT?

MENU

- CHIPS - QUESO \$1.00
- CHIPS + CORN \$1.00
- CHIPS BUTTER \$1.50
- CHIPS + PEAS \$1.50
- CHIPS + CABBAGE \$1.50
- CHIPS + CARDS \$1.50
- CHIPS + P-OUT \$1.50

LIVE FAST TRY OUR HOT! BEER BURN BELL BURGER

ERN...

CHIPS PLEASE

REETS THAT'S FUCKIN' IT!! I'VE HAD IT - AHHH! FUCKIN' BIG SICK OF THIS PLACE - AHHH! NOT BUT A FUCKIN' SKINNY YER TEKKIN' PURE FUCKIN' LIBS

WHY YER CAN STICK Y' JOB AHHH! NOT BEIN' TIED DOON, NOW WE'VE TIME WITH ME MIES'

A cartoon illustration of a man named Rancid Allie standing in front of a building entrance. He is holding a sign that says "RANCID ALLIE". He is wearing a suit and tie. He is looking at a group of people who are looking at him. One person is saying "AME. AAM CAN SEE YER POINT. AAM DRIVIN' ROCKIN' BLAME HER LIKE".

AME. AAM CAN SEE
YER POINT. AAM DRILLIN'
ROCKIN' PLANE HER LIKE

3 HOURS LATER...



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER 3 HOURS LATER...

SCREEEECH!

HOO TASHA! WHAT DO YER RECKON?
AM I ROUN THE FUDDER IN A CARPARK?
DO YER FANCY A JOURADE ANYWHERE?

AM I CANNAT BELIEVE YE BORRA
DINNINT BE SUR' FOCKIN'
STUPID. WHAT'S THE POINT
IN JOYRUDIN'?

EH?!

WHY IT'S THE FOCKIN' MATCH
TODAY. ALL THE COTTAS ARE
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN
MAN, SUR' THEE HEE CHANCE
OF A FOCKIN' CHASER OUT.

WHEN IT'S THE FUCKIN' WATCH
TODAY. AND THE CORPUS ARE
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BO
MAN, SUR THEE NEE CHINE
OF A FUCKIN' CHASE OF OL

SOON...

HOW, TASUKU - HAVE Y' TAKEN ANY PRECAUTIONS?

AYE, AM'VE GOT AN ABORTION BOOKED FOR NEXT WEEK, MAN.

CHAMPION. GOT Y' FUCKIN' KNUCKLES OFF

Y' FUCKIN' KNOWAS OFF

UGGGH! BOBBA!! I'M NOT SHAGGIN' Y' IN SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR - IT'S FUCKIN' DISRESPECTFULL

LET'S GO INSIDE. WE CAN SHAG IN ME NUTS BED

FULL OF
- YEEZ -
BASTARD

HERE AM I' FUKIN' DORTY BASTARDS
WHIT D' YEE THINK YEE FUKIN' DEEN?
WATKIN US HAVIN A FUKIN' SHIT Y'
FUKIN' PORNOITS HERE, ME FUKIN'
FATHA'S GANNA HEAR ABOUT THIS WHEN
AM FIND OUT WHO HE IS, AND HE'LL FUKIN'
LAMP U' AND HE'LL NEK UNDEMENT GOT YUZ
SUR WATKIN YUZ FUKIN' BACKS GOT ALL
KARRA WHERE U' FUKIN' LIVE, MAN

BOBBA! WHIT ARE U' WATKIN FOR? STANT ON IT
OR CALL THE COPPS OR SUMMIT

HAI FUKIN' DEE IT. AM
DINNIST ONE A FUKIN' SHIT. THE POLIS SHART DEE
FUKIN' GOT MAN, AM I'M A FUKIN' INFORMER, ME SUR
THEY CAUNT FUKIN' TALK US, AND IF WE LAY ONE FINGER
ON ME AAL MISS ME FUKIN' CUREEN AND AAL FUKIN'
GRASS YUZ UP AND THE FUKIN' POLIS'LL
COME DOON ON YUZ LIKE A TOP OF
FUKIN' BRICKS. U' FUKIN' BASTARDS
SO FUK OFF

ERM...

HERE - D' YEE WANT
T' BOY VER VIDEO?
TWENTY QUID?

FUK OFF! FUK OFF!
GET OUT ME HOOSE
NOW!!

WHATS AAL THIS
NOMEE? CAN HARDLY
HEAR MESELF DRINK

MAM- THIS DISGUSTIN' POUL MOUTHED LITTLE
CLINTS BROCK IN, THAT EVERYWHERE AND
TOOKED AAL LOOR VIDEO

NOY, STOP
PIERN ON
YER BRUTHA

ME
BRUTHA?!

AYE, AM THINK SOCIAL
SERNICES MUST HANG
RETURNED HIM. AM
FOOND HIM IN A BOX
ON ME DOORSTEP THIS
MORNING.

EEH BOBBA, ME OWN LITTLE
BROTHER. INT HE FUKIN' LUSH?
LOOK AT HIS LITTLE NICOTINE
STAINED FINGERS AND AAL THE
DIRT AND SHIT UNDER
HIS LITTLE NAILS

EEH AM I'M BERRIN AM BROODY, AM WANT
A LITTLE RAT-BOY OF ME OWN. AM I'M
GANNIN' TO CANCEL THAT ABORTION

FUKIN' HEU. - EER
AM I'M JUST NIPPIN' OUT
TO - ER... EER...
LEAVE YOO

SO... MAM - AM I'M GOT
SOMETHING TO TELL
YEE... AM I'M UP THE CLUB
AND HAVING A BABY BARN

EEH! THATS WONDERFULL NEWS!
AND IT'S ABOUT TIME, AM WAS
GERRIN' WORRIED - AM MEAN,
YEE FOURTEEN - VIRTUALLY OVER
THE HILL, AM FEARED YUH
WHERE BECOMIN' A SMASHER

WHIL, IF AM I'M HAVIN A BARN
AM I'M NEED AN INCREASE IN
ME BOKET MONEY, LIKE...

AYE TASHA, NEE TROUBER
HOLDS TOO GOOD FOR THE
BARN, IT'S GONNA HAVE
OUT IT FUKIN' WANTS.
WE'LL BRING IT INTO A BAW
KIND LONING FAMILY

GOOD, COS IT COSTS A BIT
TO PLAN A BABY.

Y' FUKIN' PLANNED IT? YOU DIRTY LITTLE
WHORE - YOU NEK ME SICK! YOU
WERENT PLANNED AND NO CHILD
OF MINE IS PLANNIN' UNDER
MY FUKIN' ROOF. GET OUT OF
MY HOOSE NOW!

SEVEN MONTHS LATER... NAW
LEE

WHATS GANNIN' ON?

PLEASE RELAX MISS SIARDA
IT'S YOUR BABY - IT'S
COMING PREMATURELY

AYE, IT TAKS
AFTER IT'S
FUKIN' FATHA

CONGRATULATIONS - YOUNE HAD A
LITTLE GIRL...

EEH! AM I'M
GONNA CAAL HER
SURESE ECLIPSE?

... AND SHE'S FREQUANT

BY GEORGE!

Bank Boss strips to reveal his assets

Snooty bosses at the Treasury are seeing red after discovering that the Governor of the Bank of England, Eddie George, has bared all in a girlie magazine.

Gorgeous George, 61, will set readers' interest rates soaring when he swaps his pin striped suit for his birthday suit across ten pages of next month's raunchy Razzle magazine.

In some of the pics, too hot to print here, curvy Eddie, 38-48-46 is seen in the vaults of the Bank of England draped across Britain's gold reserves, and posing provocatively next to the Exchange Rate Mechanism. And it's all been too much for the Bank's top brass, who may call for Mr. Georges resignation.

Nude

Speaking from his flat in London, Eddie, who received £150 for the photo shoot admitted: "I knew there would be a fuss, because you're not allowed to pose nude when you're the Governor of the Bank of England, but I didn't realise I would be in this much trouble. It was only a bit of fun.

Bottom

"Everyone thinks I have a glamorous job, jetting off round the world to the International Monetary Fund or G7 conferences. But I only get £160,000 a year, and most days it's just boring bank work, filling in forms. I'm constantly being chatted up, and randy Treasury officials are always trying to pinch my bottom when I bend over to change the minimum lending rate. "The suit and tie is really uncomfort-

READY FOR BUSINESS:
Eddie shows off his figures.



SPACE FILLER!

BY BILL SHITE

RELAXING:
Eddie takes it easy
in his office.



READY FOR
WORK:
Eddie in his
Bank of England
uniform.



RAZZLE:
The issue where
Eddie bares all.

able, too. That's another reason why I couldn't wait to get them off in the pictures". One thing's for sure, when Eddie's pictures hit the newstands, there'll be a sudden burst of inflation - in the nation's underpants!

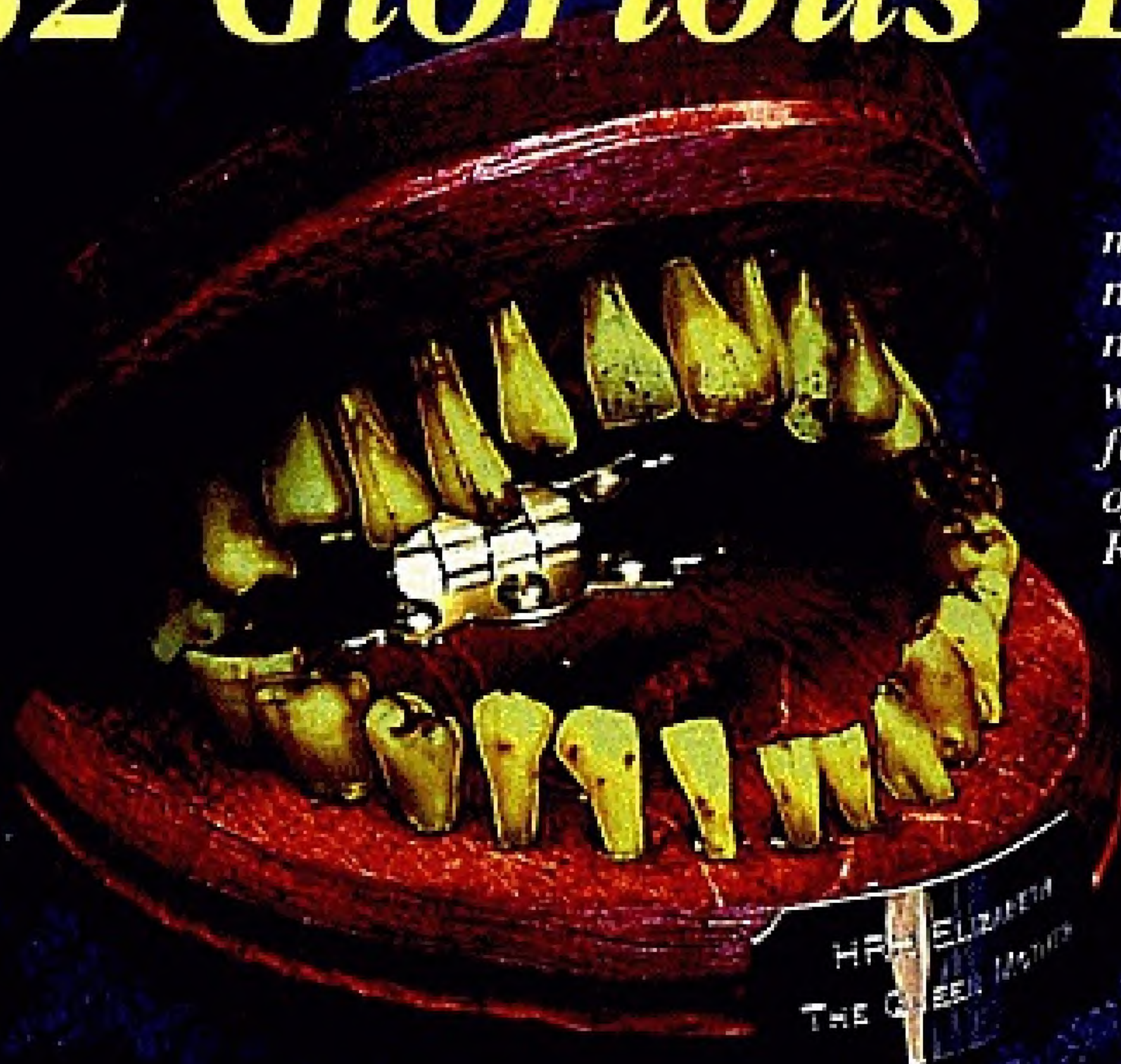
A dental tribute to
HRH Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother

32 Glorious Teeth



For 99 years, HRH The Queen mother has been the nation's favourite granny. For nearly a century she has selflessly waved, accepted countless bunches of flowers and tirelessly been whisked off to the races in one of her six Rolls Royces. And she has asked for nothing in return, except for several castles and millions of pounds of our money, tax free.

She has many loves - among them horses, choking on fish-bones and gin. But it is her radiant brownish-yellow smile that has earned her a special place in the hearts of the nation.



The Old Bag of Hearts

It is a smile that has never flagged, even through the dark days of the blitz. Now we at the Rumpole and Bailey galleries have commissioned a breathtaking set of dental sculptures that will bring the majesty of her teeth to your humble mantelpiece. Crafted of finest quality Montevideo porcelain by world renowned tooth artist Pedro Vagina, each sculpture is meticulously hand marked so that every stain and area of decaying enamel is precisely delineated.

The People's Crone

Month by month, you will receive these exquisite sculptures that will build into a collection anyone like you would be proud to own. And with your first Royal Tooth, you will receive completely free of no extra charge this magnificent pair of mahogany gums, the ideal way to display your collection in all its grandure.



The Royal upper incisor- displaying authentic chips acquired whilst biting through a swan at a garden party in 1953.



The Royal second molar- part of HRH The Queen Mother's dental landscape since it first appeared in 1907.

Please accept my application to begin receiving 32 Glorious Teeth. I understand that month by month they will build into an enormous heliroom debt that will be passed on to future generations as a timeless testament to my rank stupidity and lack of taste.

Name _____

Address _____


Post Code _____

State of mind ☐ Confused ☐ Befuddled ☐ Vacant ☐ No marbles

☐ Tick this box if you think you're six and your aunty is taking you to the zoo tomorrow, but you can't find your dolly.

To: The Rumpole and Bailey Gallery, Injection Mouldings House, Buxton, Surrey

If you think Viz isn't as funny as it used to be...

...wait 'til you
see this! 

To celebrate 20 years of
Viz, we're giving away a
facsimile of this, the
VERY FIRST ISSUE
from 1979. **FREE**
with the special
64 page bagged issue.



issue 99. On sale 29th November.

RIPTIONS...SUBSCRIPTIONS...SUBSCRIPTIONS...SUBSCRIPTIONS...SUE

Save yourself a trip to the shops every two months

The standard UK subscription rate is £8.75 per year (6 issues for the price of 5) or £16.50 for two years (10 issues for the price of 12). EU rate £12.50 per year. Rest of the world £14.00 per year. Extra copies sent to the same address add £7 (UK) or £10 (overseas).

Tel. 01454 620 070

Name _____ Address _____
Post code _____

A Viz subscription is a perfect gift for someone who wants one. To subscribe for someone else, fill in their details above and yours below. If it's for yourself, go straight to the ticky box option bit to tell me how you're going to pay.

Name _____ Address _____
Post code _____

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £ _____ crossed and made payable to "John Brown Publishing Limited".

☐ Please magic the money away from my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard/ American Express/ Diners Club/Connect Card/Switch account

Card No. _____

Card type _____ Expiry date _____ Switch issue no _____

Send to Viz, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BS32 0ZZ.

AUSTRALIA: Send to: Gordon & Gotch, Subs Division, Private Bag 790, Burwood, Victoria 3125. (Make cheque payable to Gordon & Gotch Limited and mark your envelope "I shag sheep, or kangaroos if I can catch them".)
USA: Send to: Viz Subs, 3330 Pacific Avenue, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA23451-3583. (Mark your envelope "I'm a fat bastard who wanks over pictures of waffles covered in lovely maple syrup".) Or call our USA and CANA-DA toll free number - 1 888 428 6676.

☐ If you DON'T want us to sell your name and address to other mail order houses, we recommend you tick here. Your home may be at risk from bombardment by junk mail if you fail to tick the box.



For information on available Back Issues Tel. 01454 620 070

Q427

Smile if you had it with Tony

All the women who have ever shagged Tony Blackburn have been invited to turn up in Regents Park next month to pose for a special commemorative photograph to celebrate the Millenium.

Organisers of the ambitious event, 'Blackburn 2000', which is being funded by the Lottery Heritage Fund, hope that around 2000 women will attend their record breaking photocall on November 16th.

shagged

"The idea is to create a unique record of all the women Tony has ever shagged, and one that can be handed on to future generations", said photographer Sven Aruldsen yesterday.

knackered

Former Radio 1 DJ Blackburn confessed to



having slept with over 250 women in his autobiography fifteen years ago.

knocked

Assuming he has kept up his rate of intercourse since then, the turn out on November 16th should be around the 2000 mark. Police will stage their biggest operation since last year's countryside demonstration to control the enormous crowds of women who have shagged the heart-throb DJ.

APOLGUY Mr. Arthur Finlay Plywood

On August 2nd 1994 we published a 12-page article headed "Horror of paedophile school head's carnal frenzy", which reported allegations that Mr. Plywood had murdered and eaten children in his care, had dug up war hero Sir Douglas Bader's corpse in order to make a skin suit, and made repeated threats to "bugger the Queen mother inside out" whilst injecting crack cocaine into the shaft of his penis and masturbating onto a severed head. We now accept that these allegations were wholly without foundation and ought not to have been published. We apologise to Mr. Plywood for any embarrassment or distress they may have caused.

OBITUARY

SIR ALGERNON SPENCE-PERCIVAL

Sir Algernon Spence-Percival, OBE, KG, Playground Poet Laureate 1968-1999, died on September 26th aged 98.

ALGERNON SPENCE-PERCIVAL was born on March 6th 1901, youngest son of Hector Spence-Percival. Himself a minor playground poet in his own right, Hector made a comfortable, if not lavish living from the royalties on his ever popular composition: "Who wants to play! At Cowboys and Indians?! No girls."

The young Algernon was educated at Marlborough where he first developed his own love of playground poetry. His early effort: "Milk, milk! Lemonade! Round the back! Chocolate's made" caught the eye of Professor Gowens-Whyte at Trinity Hall, Cambridge who immediately offered him a scholarship.

After an unremarkable academic career, Spence-Percival took up a post as Visiting Professor of Playground Poetry at Durham University, and it was during his twenty years there - which he later recalled as the happiest of his life - that he wrote his masterpiece, and the poem by which he will surely always be remembered. "My friend Billy! Had a ten foot willy! And he showed it to the lady next door! She thought it was a snake! So she hit it with a rake! And now it's only five foot four," was published to commemorate the death of George VI in 1952, earning Spence-Percival immediate critical acclaim.

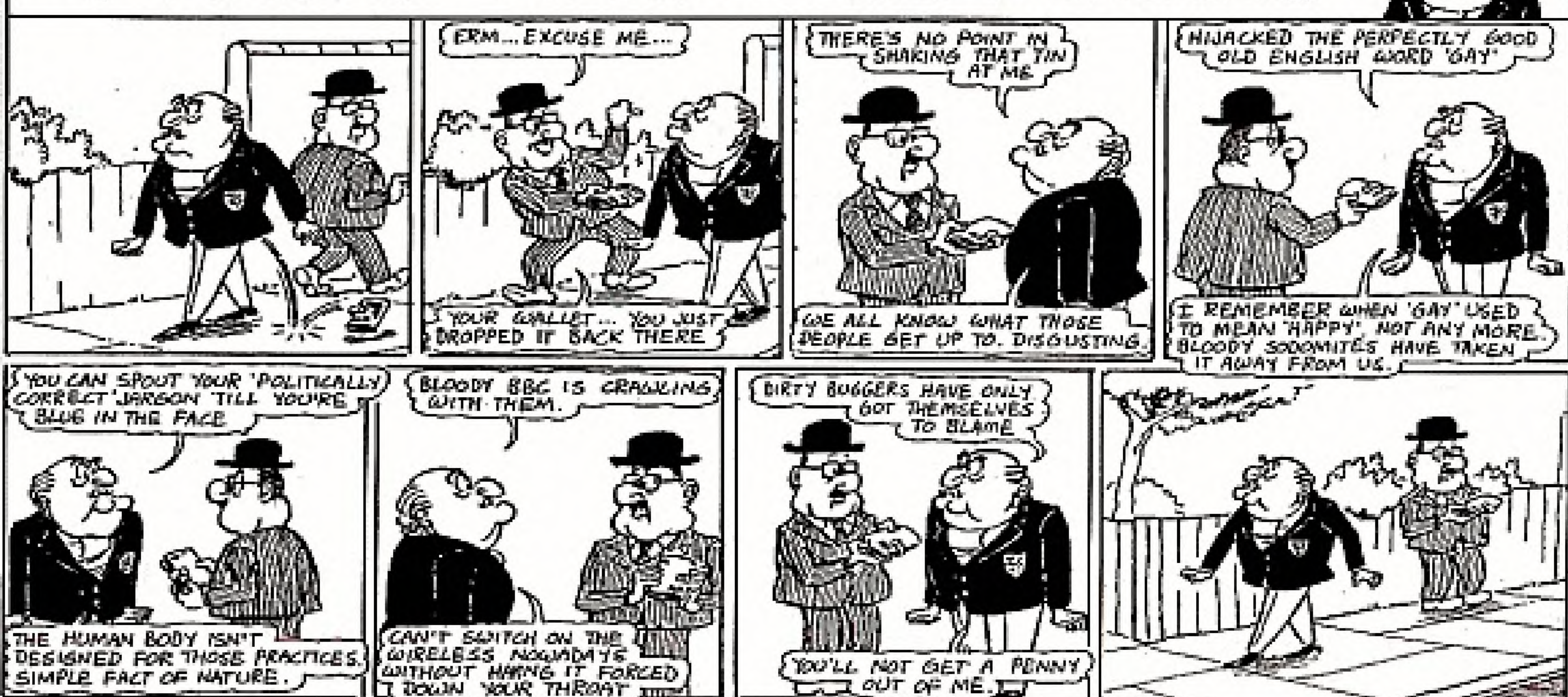
He was appointed Playground Poet Laureate in 1968, and his first work under



Royal patronage: "Georgie Best! Superstar! Walks like a woman! And he wears a bra," was written a year later to mark the investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales.

In contrast, his final official composition, commissioned to mark the funeral of The Princess of Wales, was perhaps his finest work, perfectly capturing the mood of a nation united in grief: "Ip, dip, doo! Doggy does a poo! Cat does a wee-wee! Out goes you." He is survived by his wife, Celia and their two sons.

MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING



AN AUDIENCE WITH Roger Mellie

